JOHN BULL, *March 17, 1923.* *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXXIII. No. 876. SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1923. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

What will BONAR LAW DO?

by A. G. Gardiner

£250 PAINTING COMPETITION for Boys and Girls under fourteen. Ask your confectioner for full particulars.

Calling for more!

MY goodness, how the youngsters have taken to Dame Sweet's new flavour of Super-Kreem Toffee! No wonder! To them it is new, though to us grown-ups it recalls the flavour of the old-fashioned toffee our mothers used to make.

Sharp's HOME-MADE Super-Kreem is the title of the new flavour, and you can buy it loose by weight or in the pretty cottage-tins—

Sold in 1/-, 1/6, and 4-lb. Sizes.

SHARP'S ASSORTED SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE now consists of six varieties: Plain, Home-made, Cocoanut, Chocolate, Coffee and Almond.

SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

B. SHARP & SONS, LTD., Kreemy Works, MAIDSTONE. 69

Mr. H. G. Turnbull, 35, Westhourne Grove, Hessle, E. Yorks, earns £10 15 0 in one week

Mr. H. Paul 3, Cambridge Gdns., Birmingham, who earns £8 10 0 in one week.

The men who write for the Golden Book are the men who make the money.

Mr. G. G. Duckers Long Stratton, Norwich, earns £6 10 0 in one week

Mr. H. Barron 18, Holborn Street, Prince Road, Plymouth, earns £6 10 0 in one week

JOHN BULL wants every reader who is willing to accept a Cash Offer for his whole or part time to write for The Golden Book. This book, which has proved a stepping-stone to success for hundreds, tells you how you may become a JOHN BULL Subscription Representative, and how, even though you may never have sold anything in your life, you may begin to earn liberal commissions and bonuses right from the start.

By referring to the weekly earnings of a few of our Representatives shown above, you will see what money-making possibilities there are in the work.

You have nothing to pay; there is nothing to buy; the only qualification you need is industry. When you commence, we give you a Working Outfit FREE.

Why not learn more about our plan? We strongly advise you to do so at once before the vacancies on our staff which now exist are all filled.

The Golden Book outlines the plan in full. Send for it to-day before someone else in your district steps into the job that might have been yours.

Clip here if you want more money

To JOHN BULL *Insurance Department, Section 2, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.*

I desire to become a JOHN BULL Subscription Representative. Please send me, Free and Post Free and without obligation on my part, your "GOLDEN BOOK," and full particulars of your offer.

Name .....

Address .....

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Date ..... J.B.17.3.23.

Post this form in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

£125 benefit paid

Included in this week's list of benefits is one for £125 paid to Mr. R. J. Hawkins, 7, Napier Road, Eastville, Bristol, for the loss of an eye.

FIRE.

BARNSTAPLE.—W. J. GOULD, The Bridge, Landkay.
BLACKBURN.—Mrs. E. FORD, 64, Alton Street.
DONCASTER.—A. DAVIES, 43, West Avenue, Woodlands.
BARRY ISLAND, Glam.—Mrs. EVANS, 9, Clive Road.
BOLTON.—F. AINSWORTH, 17, Centre Street.
WEST GREENWICH.—Mrs. E. RIVERS, 1, Devonport Place.
CHESTERFIELD.—T. MARTIN, 42, Station Road, Whittington Moor.
OXFORD.—Mrs. E. L. HANCOCK, Forest Hill, Wheatley.
CHARLBURY, Oxon.—P. PANTING, Ladysmith Cottage, Ramsden.
WICKHAM MARKET.—S. A. CALVER, Hacheston.
CARSHALTON, Surrey.—A. SHUCHELL, 16, Margarets, 18, Culvers Way.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. M. GASTON, 57, Cleopas Street, Dingle.
GOSPORT.—W. M. SLAUGHTER, 20, Willis Road.
PLYMOUTH.—G. BLOOMFIELD, 27, George Street, Stonehouse.
WEST HAM, E.15.—Mrs. E. M. LANGRISH, 41, Napier Road.
SOUTHSEA.—J. MULLENS, 9, Clarendon Road.
STONEHOUSE, Glos.—Mrs. CAPENER, Church Lane, Saul.

STORM.

HARTLEPOOL.—C. H. MARTINDALE, 28, Hart Street.
PONTYPRIDD.—F. BRITTON, 27, Lewis Street, Trehafod.
PONTYCYMMER, GLAM.—W. BOWDEN, 50, Bridgend Road.

Burst Hot-water Pipes.

GLASGOW.—L. WILSON, 42, Jellicoe Street, Dalmuir.

Gas Explosions.

IPSWICH.—Mrs. E. NICE, 7, Elliott Street.
BARNOLDSWICK.—F. RIDDISCOE, 11, Beech Street.

Sickness Benefits £5 5s.

BARMOUTH, N. WALES.—J. GARNETT, Mount Windsor.
PLAISTOW, E.13.—Mrs. J. E. ADAMS, 194, Queens Road.
METHIL, FIFESHIRE.—THOMAS BENNETT, 59, Robin Crescent.
ST. COLUMB MOOR, CORNWALL.—Mrs. H. BROOKS, Chapcott Crossing.
MINSTERLEY, SALOP.—Mrs. E. BROWN, 2, Horse Bridge.

Accident Benefits £1 per week.

WARRINGTON.—H. ROWLINSON, 1, Kent Street, Latchford.
ABERDEEN.—Mrs. H. RUXTON, 29, Jute Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. SHARP, 9, Vere Street.
POOLE, Dorset.—H. SAUNDERS, 20, High Street.
SHOTTON COLLIERY.—Mrs. THOMAS, 12, Queen Street.
LEITH.—Mrs THOMSON, 21, North Fort Street.
BUCKHAVEN, Fife.—Mrs. W. THOMSON, 14, Wellesley Road.
WEST BROMWICH.—Mrs. J. WILLIAMS, 21, King Street.
W. KILBURN, N.W.6.—Mrs. E. BEATLEY, 22, Percy Road.
CHESTERFIELD.—Mrs. BOWN, 49, Compton Street, Holmewood.
DOVER.—Mrs. S. CAMPION, 14, Woods Place, Buckland.
PENGAM.—Mrs. E. DAVIES, 20, Asquith Street, Tir-y-Berth.
PENDALE.—E. FRANCIS, 17, Regent Street.
LONDON, N.7.—Mrs. GARNEY, 1, Balmoral Grove, Brewery Road.
NOTTINGHAM.—H. GLOVER, 35, Spalding Road.
WOODSTOCK.—W. GRIFFIN, Rose & Crown, Stanefield.
LLANGEFNI, Anglesey.—Mrs. E. JONES, Bryn Celen, Talwrn.
SHERKNESS.—Mrs. KEANE, 9, King Street, Blue Town.
BARNSLEY.—A. KENNEDY, Laburnham Cottages, South Handley.
FARNHAM.—S. LITTLEBOY, Oakhurst Cottages, Ranks Estate, Heath End.
WEST CRAMLINGTON.—Mrs. E. MORTON, Pond Cottage.

We are unable through lack of space to publish the names of hundreds more who have benefited. If you have not yet signed the forms do so now.

—CUT HERE—

J.B.17.3.23. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

Date .....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

—CUT HERE—

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

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To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

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Date .....

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WIRELESS TELEPHONE SETS, complete, ready for use. Simplest, cleanest, most compact and efficient. No batteries. Only £3 15s., post free. Demonstrations 3 daily.—Samuelphones, Cromwell House, High Holborn.

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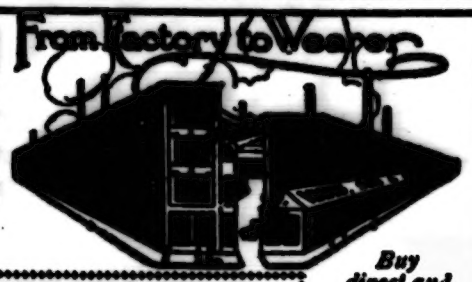

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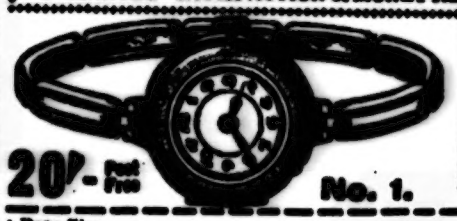

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Handsome Gold-Filled Case, Warranted 5 Years. Perfect Timekeeper. High-grade Fully Jewelled Movement. Action timed to a minute a month. Fitted with expanding Bracelet to fit any size wrist. Honestly worth Three Gns.

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The case is made of a new American metal that is **Guaranteed to wear like gold throughout.** Tastefully engraved in rich design as shown. Superior Keyless Lever Movement. Timed to a minute a month. Dust and Damp-proof. A magnificent watch that will last a lifetime. **Post Free 20/- only.**

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REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns direct from makers, 54/9 yd.; best quality only. Latta, tr., Harris Tweed Dep., 1, James St., Stornoway.

BEAUTIFUL LEATHERS, 50 colours, 6d. ft. Send 2d. stamp for patterns.—Catt, Leather Works, Northampton.

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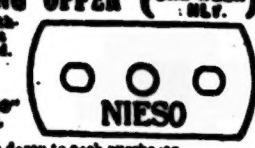

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PERSONAL.

WM FREDERICK ALEXANDER MAGEEAN, who resided in East Africa prior to the war, or anyone knowing his present whereabouts, kindly communicate with Messrs. Hebb and Lauderdale, Solicitors, 65, London Wall, E.C.

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10 for 6d.

Vol. XXXIII. No. 876.
Week ending Saturday,
Mar. 17, 1923. Twopence.

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the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Hand-to-Mouth Legislation.
Up to date the State has paid £33,000,000 in unemployment benefit. For the same amount useful work could have been found for all.

A Hint for the Chancellor.
A sum of £1,600,000 lies unclaimed in Chancery, and some of the accounts go back two hundred years. Why not use this money for the relief of the taxpayer?

Still Four Times Pre-War.
The Civil Service Estimates have been reduced by £88,000,000. Now that the Government is at last economising let us have the Geddes recommendations carried out in full.

No More Trusts.
When, if ever, the Government evolves a constructive housing policy one of the first steps must be to break the "rings" responsible for the artificial forcing up of the price of materials.

Not Necessary—Yet.
It is suggested that when decontrol comes Fair Rents Courts should be established; but if the Government is wise the question will not arise for at least another two years.

A Growing Annoyance.
A thing Parliament might well do is to put a stop to the sending of money-lenders' circulars through the post. They are a temptation to the weak and a positive nuisance to the ordinary citizen.

No More Curzonism!
The Turks having rejected the Lausanne Treaty, the Government must now try the method of reasonableness as against the Curzon policy of ultimatums. But on no pretext must there be any talk of war.

Recall Allenby!
Martial law in Egypt has proved a complete failure. Curzon's policy is as disastrous there as it was at Lausanne. The only way is to recognise the rights of the Egyptian people and negotiate with their chosen leaders.

Another Cave.
Another cave is forming inside the Conservative Party, and unless the Premier watches his step he may fall into it. When Dizzy said, "... in politics there is no honour," he knew what he was talking about.

The War Mind.
Europe still has one-and-a-half million soldiers under arms. No wonder peace seems as far off as ever.

Not Unless.
Germany is going to publish still another plan of reparations payment. If it contains the words "cash down" we'll listen to it.

Mitcham.
We said that Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen ought to win at Mitcham if he kept his head. Unfortunately he lost it; and the seat as well.

Dear at any Price.
The Mesopotamian railways, which cost us £10,000,000, are valued by the Disposals Board at £3,500,000. And *we* value them at precisely nothing.

Seditious Schools.
The Government ought to support the private members' bill to prohibit seditious teaching to young children in Communist Schools. This is an abomination.

Everyone Except Us!
Denmark is about to re-open economic relations with Russia. When this vast market has been squeezed dry by others our own Government may wake up.

Comic Relief.
"Comrade" Newbold is proving the comic success of the Session. He is probably making the best of his chances because he knows he won't get another opportunity.

An Iniquitous Traffic.
In spite of the assertion of the Minister of Agriculture the export of worn-out horses to Belgium has *not* stopped. He should make inquiries and see that this disgraceful trade is ended once and for all.

Turned Down.
The proposed pension for mothers whose breadwinner is incapacitated was a social reform deserving of better consideration. There is a big difference between necessary expenditure and mere political waste.

Our Net Sales

The Net Sales of John Bull which are given hereunder are the largest of any twopenny weekly periodical in the world.

Issue dated	*Feb.*	*3rd, 1923*	*640,870*
"	"	*10th* "	*668,496*
"	"	*17th* "	*679,343*
"	"	*24th* "	*685,834*
"	*Mar.*	*3rd* "	*691,539*

Certified by FRANKLIN, WILD & Co., Orient House, New Broad Street, E.C., and MARWICK MITCHELL & Co., Columbia House, 1-3, Regent Street, S.W.1.
Chartered Accountants.

Send Them Home.
Mormon missionaries are abroad again with their pernicious doctrines. The Home Secretary should order the deportation of these nuisances, *and see that they go.*

Have They Forgotten?
There have been 3,561 balls in Vienna this season, and the year's amusement tax totals 1,196 million crowns. It's nice to think *we* won the war.

Make it Clear.
The number of doctors who attempt to plead privilege when giving evidence makes it imperative that an authoritative statement should be made as to their responsibilities in such cases.

Rubbish!
The Rev. Arthur Buxton declares that life in flats is killing religion. The real trouble, however, is the lack of real inspiration shown by the majority of the clergy.

The Cradle.
Last year established the lowest infantile death rate ever known in this country. Save the babies, build the houses, find the work—that's the way to prosperity.

Where Business Booms.
In January there were only twenty-four bankruptcies in Germany—the lowest figure ever recorded. No wonder everyone looks askance at her plea of poverty.

Is Anything Being Done?
There is an alarming increase in the number of cases of sleeping sickness in this country. When it becomes an epidemic the Ministry of Health will no doubt do something in the matter.

Minority Rule.
The successful candidate at Mitcham was returned on only 38 per cent. of the votes polled. Proportional representation or some other reformed electoral machinery is clearly necessary.

A World Menace.
Germany is secretly building giant aircraft in Russia and thus defying the Versailles Treaty. The continued isolation of Russia by the Allies is simply throwing her into the arms of the Huns.

Injuring Our Prestige.
Because the Department of Overseas Trade refuse to find £3,000 Britain is the only country not remaining in the world's trade exhibition in Brazil. This is spoiling the ship for a ha'porth of tar with a vengeance.

The Bill Must Pass.
Mr. Hemmerde, K.C., in stigmatising the present divorce law as "humbug" and "tomfoolery," was well within the truth. Parliament now has a chance of restoring the dignity of the Courts.

White v. Black.

The Westminster Guardians are spending £55 on a passage to Jamaica for a coloured seaman and his wife and child. Would they spend as much in setting up in business an English family? We don't think so!

Bravery and Gallantry.

At Wombwell's Circus in Sheffield a man told a boy of fifteen—Alfred Garcia, that he would give him £50 if he would go into the lion's cage. Alfred has a crippled sister; he entered and faced the two lions to get the money for her. The Harley Street surgeon to whom she was taken undertook to operate without charge. Brave boy and good doctor.

Hypocrisy on the Bench.

The sympathy of Aldershot magistrates does not mean much. When sentencing Albert Edgeller, they expressed sorrow for him. Unemployed, Edgeller drew 5s. weekly dole for his wife, though she was in the county asylum, in order to buy clothes for his child. He was sent to prison for a month. What would have happened had the bench felt vindictive?

The Making of a Criminal.

"That a man of unblemished character should be sentenced to a month's hard labour for stealing a handkerchief for his first offence, and on his second offence get three years' penal servitude for obtaining £15 by false pretences, is the safest way to start him on a course of crime."—Mr. Commissioner Radcliffe, K.C., at the West Riding Assizes. This is what we have said thousands of times.

The Master's Choice.

Judge Sturges dismissed the action brought by a chauffeur for recovery of wages owing to wrongful dismissal. He had overstayed leave granted to visit his mother, who was dangerously ill. The Judge said, that in such circumstances, even in case of death, the master is entitled to dismiss the servant. "It may seem hard, but I can only follow the law." No wonder there are those who denounce the wage system as slavery.

Passeth all Understanding.

Mrs. Hall, of Liverpool, had seven children to maintain. As they were starving, she stole £1 worth of food. The probation officer praised the way the woman had stuck to her children, but suggested that her absence for a while would be beneficial to them. The Court sent her to prison for three months. How young children can possibly benefit by having a mother sent to jail passes the wit of the ordinary man to comprehend.

Slur on the Medical Profession.

George McCadden, who risked his life for his country in the war, received a wound which led up to his death in Shotton. His sister, Mrs. Williams, told the Coroner that when she appealed for medical help, one doctor's wife told her to get his panel doctor. An hour later McCadden died. The splendid humanity of the medical profession as a rule makes the conduct of this Shotton physician all the more reprehensible.

Find the Man.

When a sixteen-year-old girl was indicted at County Down Assizes for concealment of birth, it transpired that she had been seduced at fifteen by a brute twenty-seven years of age. Mr. Justice Wilson rightly observed that the man was the guilty party, and released the poor child-mother by passing a suspended sentence. It is one of the faults of the law that if such a cad can escape prosecution for six months after committing the offence he is immune altogether. Fresh legislation in the matter is long overdue.

Penalty of Parenthood.

The Hawarden Magistrates say that Joseph Jones, of Buckley, who is the father of twenty children, deserves a pension. Instead of seeing that he got one, they fined him 10s. because one of his little ones had been irregular in her attendance at school. We hope they had the good sense to pay the fine themselves. The burden of Jones is heavy enough.

The Poor Man's Car.

The Devon County Council are waging war on the charabanc, and want to prohibit heavy motor traffic on many of their roads. There may be something to be said for their attitude, but on the other hand the charabanc is the poor man's motor-car, and it is distinctly unfair to deprive the poor of their jolly jaunts, especially in that glorious county. Be reasonable, Devon.

Blame the Bigots.

The Archbishop of York declines to blame young people who, without any means of diversion, recreation, or other wholesome association with each other, make mistakes which too often ruin their lives. In our opinion, much of the blame can justly be laid on many gloomy, narrow-minded and bigoted vicars who refuse to allow young people to enjoy social pleasures such as dancing in schools.

Tosh! Macintosh!

Judge Macintosh's liver must have been out of condition when he posed as a dictator of the Press in the Stirling Burgh Police Court, and perhaps he was more to be pitied than blamed for what he said. It was certainly childish for him to say that the reporters in his Court must not describe sentences given as either "heavy" or "light," and it indicates that Judge Macintosh's retirement is overdue. When he hands in his resignation, he should be presented with a tin medal.

Kind, Kind and Gentle.

When Captain Charles E. Foulds, of Albert House, Boston Spa, having dined too well at York, drove his motor car from side to side of the road with his head resting on the steering wheel, a kindly constable politely asked him where he wanted to be, and considerately took him into custody. With equal consideration the kindly Lord Mayor heard the case in the Magistrate's room before the opening of the Court and gently bound him over. He seems to have forgotten to kiss him.

What a Father!

The daughter of John Armstrong, a Leeds labourer, played hide and seek with other children, and in consequence the father took her by the hair, banged her head against the wall, and drove her out of the house with a carving knife. The child was found unconscious on Adel Moor, several miles away. Armstrong was fined £20 or nine months' imprisonment, the sentence being suspended for six months. A father who treats his own child in such a fashion is a monster indeed.

Self Denial Tactics.

The Salvation Army are nothing if not thorough in combing every possible source of revenue for their Self Denial Fund, but there is something almost revolting in an officer invading the wards of the Islington workhouse to cadge coppers from the poverty-stricken, bed-ridden inmates. And why was the collection made by one of the nurses and not by the officer? Was it that he was ashamed to approach the bedsides of the sufferers himself, or did he think they would not dare to refuse the nurse for fear of earning disfavour?

Tempered with Mercy.

"It is a great achievement," said Mr. Symmons, the Marylebone magistrate, when binding over a charwoman who had pleaded guilty to a charge of theft. After seven convictions, the woman had kept straight for fourteen years. A great achievement, a sad lapse, but happily a merciful magistrate.

Piano Pianissimo.

The Federation of British Music Industries ask us to draw attention to the risks run by the public in buying pianos from unscrupulous dealers who foist useless instruments on poor people in the guise of second-hand bargains and camouflage worthless pianos of cheap construction with bogus name-plates. We willingly give publicity to the warning, but it would be worth more if the Federation exposed a few concrete cases of fraud. That is our method.

The Man Pays.

In the case of Police-constable Alexander Robertson Cameron, of Bryson Road, Edinburgh, the man pays. For a woman, he blotted out a fine war record, spoiled a career of promise, and wrecked the happiness of a trusting wife. When the woman became the mother of his child Cameron stole from shops he was paid to guard, and gave the money to her. For fifteen months he is to wear the garb of a convict. But what of the woman?

Vicar's Wreath Fees.

We are not surprised at the indignation aroused by the action of the Rev. H. Pinkey, Vicar of Somersham, near March, in charging two guineas each for three wreaths placed on a railwayman's grave. The rev. gentleman says he wishes to discourage artificial flowers for graves, and that the money will not be spent on himself. If he doesn't like such wreaths, he should prohibit them, not take toll for them from poor people.

The Impenitent Hun.

Captain Rohling, of the *s.s. Julius Rutger*, which visited Blacktoft on the Humber, last week, was the commander of a Zeppelin which raided this country during the war, and he made no secret of his pride in the matter in conversation with the pier officials. As Goole was one of the towns where innocent women and children were killed in air raids, it is surprising that this impenitent Hun did not get a ducking in the harbour to cool his enthusiasm.

The Lion-tamer.

Harry Dixon, a Hull postman, seems to have mistaken his vocation. He should have been a lion-tamer. When his daughter complained that she had been ill-treated by a schoolfellow, he sallied forth to meet this 12-year-old girl and struck her a blow with his fist which broke her nose. For this display of frightfulness the local Magistrates fined him a guinea. And this pugnacious postman is superintendent of the Andrew Marvel Juvenile Tent and looks after 300 children!

Shun the Shylock.

Of all touting moneylenders the most despicable are those who try to get working women into their clutches. One of this kidney is Frances Hieger, of George Lane, Lewisham, who drops circulars in letter-boxes offering to accommodate ladies with small loans. For an advance of £3 the interest charged is £1 5s. 6d., the total amount being repayable by weekly instalments of 7s. 6d. and substantial security is demanded. The ruin of many homes dates from the first dealings with such Shylocks.

Old Fogeys Rule the Roost.

Chester is spending thousands of pounds to find work for the City's unemployed, but when it was proposed to carry out improvements at the Ship Inn, Handbridge, the licensing justices rejected the plans. Why does Chester allow teetotallers to rule the roost, especially when they sacrifice livelihoods? No wonder they are locally known as "the Old Fogeys."

Robbing the Blind Children.

The squandermaniacs of Whitehall are out to economise at the expense of poor blind children. The Board of Education has issued a circular demanding that schools for the blind be run more cheaply. It advocates, amongst other things, the employment of unqualified teachers—anybody, apparently, will do for teaching blind children! Such pinchbeck economy is too disgusting to be tolerated.

Tussle with Wasters.

Haslingden Town Council and the Education Committee urged the Lancashire County Council to be economical, but the County Council simply retaliated by telling the Committee to spend £50 more on a headmaster's salary, making it £900. So the battle goes on—Wasters v. Economists; and the worst of it is, it looks as if the Wasters will win. Let the electors remember this!

An Empty House.

With so many families clamouring for houses, it would be interesting to know why No. 11, New End, Hampstead, has remained unoccupied for about four years. The Guardians seem to have contemplated utilising this ten-roomed residence as quarters for the steward of the New End Hospital, but the project does not seem to have got any farther than the correspondence files at the Town Hall. Meanwhile, many families are overcrowded. Get a move on!

A Photo-Enlargement Scamp.

We invite the attention of the police to a scamp calling himself M. Sharman, of 123, High Street, Ramsgate, who is working the old photographic-enlargement ramp in the district. A reader who handed him photos for enlargement on his explicit assurance that there was no obligation to pay anything and declined to comply with his preposterous demand of 15s. 9d. for a frame eventually received the photographs torn into fragments, accompanied by a rude scrawl, posted unstamped.

Sympathy!

A commercial traveller formerly employed by the Exeter Tool and Machinery Company, Ltd., who was charged at Devonport with theft, was paid £3 a week, and had pawned some of his samples to pay his expenses. The Bench expressed sympathy with the accused, maintaining that his pay was not sufficient to keep him honest, and then proceeded to fine him £5 with the alternative of a month's imprisonment. A strange way of expressing sympathy, surely!

A Cynical Cine-manager.

Four attendants at the Pavilion Cinema, Maidstone, were dismissed for refusing to go and buy bones for the Manager's dog in their dinner hour. The loss of the job was no great matter, seeing that they had had to work 67½ hours a week for 4½d. an hour, but when they went to the Labour Exchange they were refused the dole, the Manager having reported that he had discharged them for disobedience. With such a Manager it is not surprising that this picture house changes its attendants almost as frequently as its programmes.

More's the Pity.

The Norfolk Branch of the Farmers' Union has recommended its members to pay their labourers 5½d. an hour for a week of 54 hours, a decrease of 3d. for a week extended by four hours. The agricultural labourer with a large family is worse off than men drawing the unemployment dole.

Out of Proportion.

At Brentford a woman was summoned for not remedying defects in four four-roomed cottages owned by her, and occupied by 64 persons. She pleaded that the cottages were let at only 5s. 5d. per week, of which the local council took 2s. in rates. A closing order to enable her to effect repairs was asked for and granted. The proportion that rates bear to an inclusive rent is here indicated. The rate on the houses should go.

"A Gentleman with a Duster."

Under the title of the "Seven Ages of Man," our brilliant contributor has published through Mills and Boon a considered study of the history of human progress and political thought. It is written for the plain people in language they can understand. We want more of this serious and yet popular exposition of high themes. The "Duster" is a great improvement on the old school of Dry-as-Dust-ers.

WHAT COMPELS?

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

ONE of the most irksome things in life is the sense of being under compulsion. Of no man can it be said that he is entirely his own master. We are under rule and dominion from the cradle to the grave.

We do not choose our parentage nor the nature we are born with.

All through life we are ceaselessly having to render obedience to wills other than our own and to the remorseless pressure of circumstances.

Only to a very limited extent can we do what we like; more often we do what we must.

It is true we are free agents, but our moral freedom does little to modify our environment.

If we had the power we should make our world very different from what it is.

Some people feel this subjection very bitterly and rail against Fate, or God, or whatever it is that has the ordering of their lot in life.

But in all probability this mysterious directing energy is none other than our own. As an Eastern saying has it, "None else compels."

Schopenhauer says: "The secret power, which rules and bends the external circumstances affecting us, has its root in the depths of our own unfathomable being."

Every man is more and other than he knows. Our truest self, our deepest nature, extends far beyond the bounds of our self-consciousness at any one time.

It is this larger self, this fundamental being of ours, which ordains our lot in this world.

True, this is also the will of God; the will of God operates through what we essentially are and seeks nothing but our ultimate gain.

Apparent misfortunes bring us blessing; what at first we regard as evil is afterwards seen to be good. Our wishes are frustrated and we later perceive it to be the best thing that could have happened.

This is so, not sometimes or now and then, but always. We shall know it fully when we know as we are known.

The Fight of the Week.

A purse of £500 for the winner of a one-round contest—that is the BULLETS offer this week. Just a few well-aimed words, and you can laugh at bills and budgets. But get your blow in now—next week it will be too late.

Rolling the Snowball.

H. W. Dennington, who trades as Day's, 15, Gresham Street, London, E.C., is the latest snowball roller. He is distributing 100,000 Free Shilling Tickets entitling the holders to 15s. in cash—on conditions. By the time the first 100,000 have complied with these conditions, he will have distributed £75,000 and netted £25,000 for himself!

British Steel Wins Again.

British rails being the best in the world, no citizens will complain of the action of the London County Council in ordering home-made tramlines, though a German tender was £16,000 cheaper. As likely as not, the foreign rails would be more than £16,000 poorer in quality. And besides, it means more work for our workless. This is true economy.

Mother and Fiend.

Frances Mary Maud Newton, of Manchester, placed her three-year-old baby girl in front of an approaching tramcar, in order to frighten her husband, but happily the child was unhurt. The fact that this creature, unworthy of the name of mother, was sent to prison for one month does not arouse our pity. The child will be safer without her.

Those Sleepy Babus.

Many complaints reach us from soldiers who have returned recently from India that they are still unable to get their accounts and consequently cannot draw money due to them. Is there no responsible officer who can ginger up the lackadaisical babu clerks who dream the hours away in the Army Pay Office in India? They have been in arrears with their work for years.

Dangerous Lunacy.

If a man fired a revolver in a busy spot like Moorgate, he would probably spend six months in gaol. Though Alfred Fowler, a Hertford surveyor, did not indulge in revolver practice in Moorgate, he scorched through it in a motor-car at 40 miles an hour, scattering pedestrians and striking a cyclist. Yet he was fined only 40s. at the Guildhall, and his licence was not even endorsed. Truly, familiarity breeds contempt.

The Worst of Worcester.

It is about time the Worcester Police turned their attention to the gangs of hooligans who infest certain quarters. Walking with his wife and daughter, a local tramcar driver was brutally set upon by three larrikins named Bert Watkins, John Lewis and George Pritchard, two of whom held his arms while the third punched his face, blacking his eyes and breaking his nose. And "to mark their view of this disgraceful conduct," the Bench fined one of them £2 and the others £1 each. By way of encouragement, we suppose.

Pussyfoot Fanatics.

The unreasonable attitude of pussyfoot cranks was illustrated at Wetherby Brewster Sessions, when opposition to an off-licence at Collingham was headed by a Mr. F. H. Wilson, who produced a petition signed by twenty-three residents. The Rev. H. B. Beckwith declared that if the licence were granted it would be difficult to keep people sober, but he was forced to admit that there were no convictions for drunkenness last year. The Bench very sensibly ignored these obvious fanatics.

MINIONS OF MOSCOW

Four Hundred Subscriber Agents in Britain

THE French authorities have just discovered an abstract of accounts which shows how much money is being spent by the Red Caucus of "poverty stricken" Russia in spreading in this country the Gospel according to Lenin. From this it would seem that in Great Britain there is not a single trade union that has not its subsidised Bolshevist propaganda, and the following table is instructive, for it shows the number of agents in each union or group of unions and the total amount spent on subsidising them :—

	Agents.	Annual Cost.
Shipbuilding Group	63	£104,378
Amalgamated Engineers	37	76,054
National Union of Railwaymen ..	32	12,344
Miners' Federation	29	13,317
Building Trade Unions	28	9,487
National Unemployed Body ..	84	13,479

It is explained for the benefit of the faithful that these sums include not only payments to the agents who are secret organisers and propagandists inside the societies mentioned above, but the cost of literature of different kinds sent for circulation among the members of the societies, and also special grants for different purposes when the trades indicated were affected by economic conditions likely to make them more susceptible to Red propaganda.

In addition it is disclosed that Moscow has 203 "comrades" at work in the Army, the Navy, and the police force of Great Britain, sowing the Red seed in season and out, and passing on to Moscow regular reports.

The astonishing claim is made that this branch of Moscow's propaganda effort absorbs some £200,000 a year, but it is added that the results obtained are much more satisfactory than from any other outlay owing to the importance of causing disaffection among the "hired supporters of the Capitalist Classes," as Moscow calls the men enrolled in our fighting and police forces.

Another boast is that millions of pamphlets and booklets explaining the Communist teachings are in constant circulation from man to man in workshops, in factories, in mines, in barracks, on ships, and in police stations, the whole constituting a never ending circulating library of revolutionary teaching that is patronised by hundreds of thousands of workers in the British Isles.

A list of nearly four hundred names of the British agents for Bolshevik propaganda is given, but no addresses or other means of classification are given.

It is something to know, however, that Moscow now admits the presence in our midst of these hired inciters to revolt, and it is for the authorities to use the means at their command to trace them and to stop their activities before it is too late.

Butchering School-Children

Heart-rending Scenes in Cut-Throat Clinics

Despite the fact that we have repeatedly denounced the pernicious and brutal system by which children's tonsils are removed in school clinics, further instances of operations ending fatally are brought to our notice. This article exposes the vicious and useless practice.

IF the new Minister of Health, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, desires to make a good beginning in his very important office, he can do so by investigating the deaths of little children which are constantly occurring as a result of operations for the removal of adenoids and tonsils. We state emphatically that there is a craze for these operations amongst medical officers of health throughout the country, and helpless little children are frequently being sacrificed to this excess of zeal.

A typical case is that of a little girl, who died the other day in a suburban hospital, after undergoing this operation. The cause of the death was stated to be *status lymphaticus*. Hundreds of deaths have taken place, and always the same verdict is returned—"Death from Natural Causes." The operation is always successful, the doctors skilful, the anæsthetic always properly administered, and when the little patient dies, it is always discovered that it was suffering from that mystery disease, *status lymphaticus*.

We say that the medical profession ought to be able to diagnose this perilous state of affairs, in which the patient may drop dead at any moment. If that were done, the patient, of course, would never be submitted to this operation, which in the opinion of some of the best medical experts is, in most cases, unnecessary and dangerous.

Children attending our elementary schools are inspected at regular intervals by the Medical Officers of Health, who frequently order them to go to the local clinic to have their throats attended to. An intimation is sent to the parent that an operation is necessary, and almost invariably the parents consent.

We strongly recommend them to refuse their consent. There are plenty of doctors who are free from the professional fetish of throat cutting, and who will cure tonsilitis.

Moreover, Doctor John Kynaston, who broke away from the medical profession in revolt against the bloody conditions, amounting practically to butchery, under which this operation is usually conducted throughout the country in the case of the children of the poor, declares that in ninety-five instances out of every hundred the tonsils thus removed show no signs of disease.

Mr. Herbert Tilley, the well-known Harley Street throat specialist, says that a patient ought to be kept in bed for at least forty-eight hours after this operation. There are no beds in the ordinary school clinic, and little children are often carried out from these clinics, unconscious through pain and suffering, bleeding profusely, and a terrifying spectacle for their agonised parents, and for spectators who meet them in 'buses and trams.

In one case, which attracted a great deal of attention, when we gave it publicity in our columns, a doctor who was operating when the child died was actually allowed to conduct the post-mortem examination on the little patient! The educational authorities had the grace to disapprove of this procedure—after we had protested.

We say that the doctors who conduct these operations are, for the most part, not skilled throat surgeons. They are administrative officers, engaged in the general work.

Further, we say that these operations are conducted in flat defiance of the Council of the Section of Laryngology of the Royal Society of Medicine, which has laid down rules that specially experienced surgeons should visit these school clinics and deal with the cases there, that patients for tonsilitis should have in-patient treatment and should be compelled to stay for at least forty-eight hours. These rules are not obeyed.

Another of the many typical tragic cases was that of Ivy Jackson, the twelve year old daughter of a Queen's Park chauffeur. This poor child died during an operation for tonsilitis. At the inquest it was stated that the child had incompetence of the mitral valve. This should have been detected before the operation. This girl was given chloroform by the open method, which is no longer employed in the best hospitals owing to its danger.

We ask the new Minister of Health to put an end to this iniquitous system. If he does he will receive the thanks of the public and the best elements of the medical profession.

A Judicial Mystery

Law Conflicts with Reason and Equity

THE particulars we gave last week in connection with the "Antique Furniture Case" have caused something like consternation among furniture buyers.

In some few cases correspondents have been tempted to use the word "fraud" in connection with these transactions, but we cannot make it too clear that in the judgment of Sir Edward Pollock, the firm of Basil Dighton, Ltd., who, from their address in Savile Row, disposed of a large quantity of antique furniture to Mr. Adolphe Shrager, at fabulous figures, are entirely guiltless of deception in any legal sense.

Mr. Shrager, in his innocence, thought that when he bought an "old oak room from Royston Hall," he was, in fact, getting such a room from Royston Hall. In fact, "Royston Hall"—which, like the Dotheboys Hall of Mr. Wackford Squeers, was "not really a Hall," but a broken down dairy-building in a Hertfordshire village—was just a playful touch of fancy in which, it would appear, the privileged dealer in antiques is free to indulge to his heart's content. Also, if we are to accept the judgment of Sir Edward Pollock, profits of five hundred per cent. on furniture bought and sold within a week, practically on a commission basis, are quite in order—a reasonable price being "what the vendor chooses to consider a reasonable price." The code letters in which Messrs. Basil Dighton, Ltd., marked their prices read, "Make Us Rich." Very nice; very neat, and very appropriate!

As we say, Mr. Dighton undertook to buy "collector's pieces" for Mr. Shrager "at a reasonable price," nearly all the articles thus obtained were specially purchased with an eye to Mr. Shrager's sumptuous tastes. At this time, Shrager regarded Mr. Basil Dighton as a gentleman with a cultured taste, who had kindly offered to use his good offices in the matter on reasonable terms.

From the notepaper of "Basil Dighton" the word "Limited" was banished, and there was no indication whatever that the name was employed as the title of a recognised firm of antique dealers. Believing himself to be on safe ground, Mr. Shrager bought to the extent of £111,000.

In December, 1921 of that year, in order to meet the dealer's demands, he suggested to Mr. Basil Dighton that, having bought rather more "genuine Chippendale settees" and "mahogany Chippendale chairs" than he needed, he would be glad to sell some of them again, whereupon he was bluntly told that there was "no market."

The articles for which, according to Mr. Dighton, there was "no market," apparently included a set of chairs proved to have been bought at Christie's for £630 and sold three days later to Mr. Shrager for £1,150.

Naturally, Mr. Shrager was aggrieved, as he was when he discovered that ten Chippendale chairs and two settees, bought by Dighton for £1,400, had been sold to him within a week for £3,000. But Sir Edward Pollock declared that these transactions were entirely in order.

Sir Edward is the uncle of Sir Ernest Pollock, the leading counsel for Dighton.

As a result of some rather searching enquiries we deliberately ask how it came about that Sir Edward Pollock ever came to try this case.

We think we shall show our readers that this was in flagrant violation of the rules and also of the order of the Lord Chief Justice of England.

A Wizard of Wickedness

A NEW mass of evidence which we have secured regarding the criminal excesses and revolting debauchery of Aleister Crowley, the degenerate poet and occultist, traitor and drug fiend, who has established an Abbey of Lust in Cefalu, Sicily, more than bears out the startling revelations which we have already made. This article describes the terrible experiences of one of his women victims in London.

AT Cefalu, in Sicily, there lives a renegade Englishman whose name, Aleister Crowley, is familiar to readers of John Bull. The record of his infamies has appeared from time to time in the pages of this journal, and we are in the unique position to disclose the present activities of one of the most shameless degenerates who ever boasted of his British birth.

It is hard to say with certainty whether Crowley is man or beast; certainly he seems to be possessed of uncanny powers, hard to reconcile with the attributes of decent humanity. Unhappily, he has chosen to employ his gifts in the most depraved fashion, and at Cefalu has established a University of Vice within the portals of which more than one tragedy has of late been enacted.

His own wife, herself a cultured woman, was driven mad by his malpractices, and he succeeded in achieving the same end in the case of another girl of barely twenty-two years of age, a member of an old Wiltshire family.

The tragic experiences of that girl at the hands of this devil incarnate have been unfolded to us since her recovery from the effects of his influence. It is a story so extraordinarily weird that it seems hard to believe that such happenings as she describes could have taken place right in the very heart of London, but there is no gainsaying the solid truth of her assertions.

* * *

We reveal the facts in the hope and belief that they will bring home to officialdom the urgency of dealing promptly and effectively with this beast by securing his extradition from Sicily and placing him on trial in this country.

We hope, too, that the eminent University professor whom we know is contemplating proceeding to Cefalu to "study the Cabbala" with Crowley this spring, will take heed of the true character of the man whose guest he proposes to be.

Crowley had a large studio in the Fulham Road, fitted up as a sort of Rajah's temple, in which, with his male and female acolytes, he performed various sacrificial and other heathen rites of a nature quite indescribable, when the girl to whom we have referred first encountered him.

At that time he was an attractive and almost handsome man, and his fluent and intensely interesting talk of the strange places he had been to and the wonderful sights he had seen made a deep impression on the girl (whom we will call Miss N.). She found herself fascinated by his conversation and became a keenly enthusiastic listener to his dissertations upon the weird and wonderful adventures he had experienced, despite the fact that she was at that time engaged to be married to a young doctor—to whom indeed, she owes the restoration of her reason. Her lover was later killed in the war.

With no idea of the true character of the depraved wretch who was cunningly inveigling her into his clutches, as he had inveigled others before, Miss N. allowed herself to be persuaded to pay a visit to his Fulham Road "Studio."

When she arrived there she was received by Crowley, who had dressed himself up in a typical magician's robe, and to her amazement, and no little amusement, after showing her around the place, he proceeded to perform a strange sort of religious ceremony, offering up prayers and singing an incantation in a foreign language.

Miss N., having come to the conclusion that the man was not entirely in his right senses, started to make a tour of inspection of the weirdly fitted-up room. When she opened a cupboard, however, she fell back in horror, for facing her were two grinning skeletons.

She swung round to find Crowley gazing down at her with a peculiarly fixed stare. Then in a low vicious voice he said: "I'll add you to those if you don't do as I tell you."

It is Miss N.'s opinion that the man had lost control of himself for the moment, for he quickly recovered and appeased her fear to some extent by giving her tea, and talking rationally about his favourite subject, the occult. He also handed her a book to read, which she discovered was of a vile nature, and dealt with the revolting theme of driving people mad by suggestion.

All during this visit, however, Crowley maintained the manner of an Eastern mystic, and to please him Miss N. pretended to enter into the spirit of the thing. The climax came, however, when he persuaded her to drink a curious concoction he had prepared. Soon after taking it, the deluded girl became sick and faint, and finally fell asleep.

What took place while she was unconscious, she does not know. Sufficient to say that she afterwards felt powerless to resist his invitations to visit him, with the result that she became a frequenter of the studio. The outcome of these visits was that she learned to take cocaine along with several other young girl disciples of this degenerate scoundrel.

At last when alone with Crowley in his "Temple" one day, Miss N., who was by this time in an extremely nervous and excitable condition, was terrified to see a large rat run across the room. It had been released by Crowley as part of the hideous experiment he was carrying out with this girl.

He taunted her with being afraid. She denied this, whereupon Crowley offered to put her to the test by daring her to allow him to hypnotise her. She replied that he couldn't, as her will was too strong, but he might try.

He did, and with terrible effect. First he gave her something to drink, then holding her gaze with his, he said slowly: "Rats are the first stage of madness—you won't forget."

As he said this he touched her repeatedly in different parts of the body, everywhere in fact except on the throat. In her sworn statement Miss N. says:- "When I awoke I saw that it was four hours later. I don't know what he had done to me, but I was filled with terror."

* * *

She fled from the place, and in her own room fell into a deep sleep, or rather nightmare, for when she awoke she was literally in the throes of madness.

"I saw a big rat jump out of a drawer," she says, "followed by another and another. Soon the room was filled with rats. Everything I touched turned to rats, even the hairs of my head. I was raving mad."

The rat obsession continued until the restoration of her reason was almost despaired of, but her young doctor *fiancé* persisted in his efforts to combat the vile work of Crowley and gradually she recovered sanity and health.

The doctor, as soon as he learned the true cause of her condition, called at Crowley's studio to teach him a lesson, but the wily wretch had fled, though he returned later to resume his depraved practices.

These are the bare unvarnished facts about this girl's experiences at the hands of the man who now seeks to staff his loathsome home of lust in Sicily with British girls and men, and who will undoubtedly succeed if drastic measures are not taken to prevent him.

Already five children are in his clutches. Two he claims as his own, but the other three have undoubtedly been kidnapped or lured into his den by his misguided and deluded satellites.

Are such outrages to be allowed to continue unchecked?

THAT HUMBUG HEAYSMAN

Amazing Record of Trickery and Treachery

WE have repeatedly exposed Mr. Donald T. Heaysman, the unscrupulous rascal who is constantly offering employment on the condition that those who take it shall invest money in the rotten systems of business with which he has long been associated.

In the early part of last year, Mr. E. Sowerby, of 82, Palace Road, Bromley, invested over £30 in a Concert Party which Heaysman called, with cynical audacity, "The Rooks." Sowerby was employed—after answering an advertisement for an "Advance Manager"—by Arthur L. Higate, an associate of Heaysman, at a salary of £4 a week, which was never paid. Being unable to get his money back he put the matter in the hands of the Bromley police, but without any tangible result.

Heaysman, describing himself—on notepaper headed, "The London & County Investment Co."—as the Editor of the "Motor World," next had the effrontery to interview applicants for a staff appointment on that journal, in an office in the Town Hall, Bromley. We invite the Town Council to inquire by whose permission the Town Hall was so used.

Now, at an office at 107, Charlotte Street, he is advertising in the daily papers for "smart young" men who, when they get there, find that they have to present Heaysman with £1 in return for which he promises to send them a number of circulars for house-to-house delivery, and to pay them a commission. These circulars, according to Heaysman, deal with some kind of mystery ballot, for which tickets can be bought for a shilling—fivepence (approximately) is to go to the distributor.

At the same time this unscrupulous individual poses as a film expert, and charges credulous young film aspirants, who call by appointment at his office, a fee of five shillings to see whether, in his opinion, they have what Heaysman calls a film face!

In spite of our repeated exposures the supply of victims seems endless. We think that the newspapers which publish the advertisements of this man ought to make some inquiries into his record before allowing him the use of their columns. If they did, they would save much pain and suffering.

Take the case of Sowerby. This poor fellow, who was brought up in the London Foundling Hospital, from whence he went to sea, by hard struggle managed to save a few pounds, which have gone entirely to Heaysman and his associate, Higate. Lately, Higate's mother, under strong pressure, has given him some small sums of money to keep him quiet. Would anybody invest money with Heaysman if they knew that their chief security was his partner's mother, who is a woman in poor circumstances.

SOCIETY'S SECRET FILM SHOWS

Why are the Culprits Protected?

In the following article our special investigator continues his amazing exposure of the vile traffic in salacious and indecent films. On the facts disclosed the police must act.

[BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.]

THE traffickers in indecent films are on the run. They have been startled out of their sense of security by the revelations made in JOHN BULL, and are making every effort to cover up their tracks.

Following these revelations the police authorities put on a special detective to watch developments, and the fear of arrest hovers like a nightmare over the hangers-on of this disgusting trade.

Fear is accompanied by anger. A man in the film trade has erroneously come under the suspicion of having given away some of the dangerous secrets I have exposed. The other day a man got out of a motor-car, stopped this supposed informant, and threatened his life. "If you squeal," he was told, "you will be broken; those you squeal to will also be broken."

These dirty rascals are only wasting their time trying to intimidate us.

Meanwhile, I am able to state that the traffickers, while waiting for the storm to blow over, are making preparations for resuming their filthy trade on a bigger and more daring scale than ever.

At present a particularly atrocious film is being made in Paris, by a well-known producer, who has engaged a number of prominent artistes to act in it.

This film is to be released in April, and is to be ready at that time for the agent of an Indian Maharajah, who is at present in the East, but is due in Paris before the end of next month.

Nothing has caused greater dismay than my assertion that a person in high official position is being used in connection with this dirty business, and filthy films are actually imported into this country in official despatch boxes, which, of course, are supposed to contain nothing but high State documents.

A well-known racing and sporting peer, who is very friendly with some of the younger members of the Royal Family, and is supposed to be a frank and pleasant sportsman, has depraved tastes, and is keenly interested in indecent films.

He gives dinner parties at which very eminent people indeed are present, and after dinner, to a carefully selected few, the dirty films are shown. What could be more appalling than this vicious tendency in such high quarters, or more dangerous to the safety and security of the State?

I warn this highly-placed person that if he does not mend his ways, he will not escape censure. It is useless to remonstrate with the little peddlars, like the hangers-on who loaf about the doors of the National Sporting Club on the night of a big fight, and try to pick up wealthy young men to take to filthy film shows, if the great and highly-placed enjoy immunity for the same type of offence.

Some of the films have been given away by alarmed speculators. One man, well known in the trade as a profiteer in hiring out indecencies, has left his office and given no address.

My honest advice to him is to stay where he is.

GIRLS SOLD INTO VICE

Renewed Activities of Coloured Profligates

The terrible traffic in souls continues unabated in the big towns and cities of Britain. Facts which have come to our notice disclose the revolting truth that parents who have lost their last shred of decency, actually sell their children into white slavery.

THE traffic in young girls, lured into dens of vice at home and abroad, has recently become so open and shameless that the Home Office has taken the matter up, and called for special reports from the Metropolitan and provincial police.

We welcome this indication of concern. It is long overdue. One or two recent cases, in which it is clear that the parents of little girl victims of coloured brutes were willing parties to the violations of their own children, have alarmed and angered the public.

That is all to the good. But the traffic goes on all the time. The law cannot effectively deal with the mothers—degraded and non-moral outcasts—who sell their girl-children into white slavery. It should be strengthened to protect the children against these unnatural parents.

This matter requires plain speaking. There is a mysterious sex attraction between low-class people of the white and coloured races. This attraction is cunningly exploited by the sweepings and scum of the coloured races.

There is a whole colony, for example, in the Tottenham Court Road district, infested with low-class negroes and half-castes, who are hangers-on of jazz musicians, night club frequenters and coloured performers who have come to live in this region.

They are to be found in gambling dens and dance-rooms, held in basements and back-rooms in slum streets. They get little girl children into their clutches, who are rewarded if they bring other girl-children with them. The girls are generally too frightened to complain: they soon yield to temptation, and join the moneymakers.

Cases have been reported to the police where little girls have refused to leave their coloured friends. The fascination and money temptation are too great. Occasionally a negro or other coloured seaman is caught trying to abduct a girl to a seaport, and smuggle her to sea. But for one reported case, there are scores of silent tragedies.

Some of the girls, who show signs of tiring of the orgiastic revels of the underground dens of infamy, are taken over by low-class theatrical enterprises and shipped abroad, where their independent spirit is surely and cruelly broken.

South America is the El Dorado of the white slavers. If they can get helpless British girls to Buenos Ayres they can exploit them very profitably.

The South American Governments do their best to stop the traffic. They have made stringent regulations and issued appeals to British people not to allow British girls to come out to their big cities. In spite of these appeals advertisements constantly appear in high-class London papers, asking for girls to join theatrical parties for South America.

The other day a woman from Paris called at the office of a well-known theatrical agent and asked him to get her a dozen English girls for the Argentine. She was ordered out of the office. She laughed and pursued her quest elsewhere.

The visit of this woman has been reported to the Home Office. We await some definite indication that action will be taken.

THE REWARD OF HONESTY

Official Penalised For Exposing Fraud

AN extraordinary story lies behind the bald announcement recently made that one permanent and whole-time Relieving Officer and two assistant Relieving Officers had been suspended from duty by the Edmonton Guardians pending inquiry into the accounts of unemployed out-relief.

The officials referred to were A. L. Binder, who was appointed Relieving Officer in January, 1922; Percy Wild, who had been a temporary assistant since September, 1921; and a man named Cook, a temporary assistant since Christmas.

Wild, who is an expert at figures, and served as a sergeant in the Army, did most of the book-keeping at the office of the Guardians, and is given the credit of having done his work well. Some time ago, when running through the accounts, he observed certain irregularities for which he was not responsible.

His position was in danger. He realised further that he himself might be involved in the matter if his suspicions were confirmed.

But he waited—thinking that line of action best in the circumstances. He did not have to wait long. Certain evidence came into his possession, and he reported the whole matter to the Clerk to the Guardians, Mr. E. Ridley, telling him all he knew, giving him chapter and verse for the whole story.

Mr. Ridley acted very quickly. He suspended the three of them, telling Wild that he ought to have reported the matter before.

Wild was rightly indignant. Instead of being thanked, he was condemned for his loyalty. Ultimately, after investigation into Wild's allegations, all three men were asked to resign. Before doing so, Wild strongly protested against the unfair action of the Guardians in his case.

Unable to obtain work, and finding that he was being slandered locally, he wrote to the Clerk to the Guardians, demanding them to make a public statement of the true facts, who replied testifying to his honesty.

This clears Wild's character. But we should like to know how, in the face of it, the Guardians justify their action in this matter.

WHO IS DOUGLAS HOWLAND?

Mysterious Syndicate and its £1 Units

WHO is Mr. Douglas H. Howland, of Willesborough, Kent, and what is the real nature of the enterprise which he is running? Are its activities planned to benefit unsuspecting people who invest money in it, or Mr. Douglas H. Howland?

These are a few questions we would like answered concerning the Colonial Finance and Development Syndicate, which claims to have been "formed in 1918 for the purpose of Financing the Development of the Natural Resources of the British Empire."

The Syndicate does not appear to be "limited" or "incorporated," and, judging by the printed particulars before us, it has no address. But it is Trans-Atlantic in origin, and its agents are stated to be Douglas H. Howland and Co., of Hamilton, Canada, while its "Fiscal Advisers" are Messrs. Howland, Butterworth and Griffiths, of Toronto. Full information, plans, maps, etc., are obtainable on application to Mr. Douglas H. Howland, Willesborough, Kent.

It seems, therefore, that Mr. Howland has come from Hamilton or Toronto to sell shares in his Syndicate. He doesn't call them shares. He calls them "units." And the capital of the Syndicate is divided into £1 units—how many is left to conjecture.

The programme of the Syndicate is delightfully indefinite. The circular sets out to impress its readers with the metalliferous wealth of Northern Ontario.

"The sending of prospectors into the district and the financing and development of properties staked by independent prospectors is the object of the Colonial Finance and Development Syndicate."

"The operations of the Syndicate are decidedly of a speculative nature." This is the truest word in the circular, and we suggest to our readers that they should take it to heart. It would be true of the scheme if conducted in the open light of day, but it is truer still as conducted through an unnamed Syndicate, without address,.

We hope every recipient of this circular is blessed with a waste-paper basket, as here is a ready-made use for it.

THE YOUNG CRIMINAL

Do We Give Him a Real Chance?

by ARNOLD BENNETT

TO begin with, there are no young "criminals." Poets are born, not made. Criminals are made, not born. In nearly all cases a so-called young criminal is really the victim of the social condition in which he lives; for the theory of a criminal "class" has been substantially disproved. A man ought not to be called, nor to be treated as a criminal until his mind is mature.

AND in practice only the offspring of the poor are so treated. When a child or youth of the well-to-do classes "goes wrong," the matter is generally "arranged" between the parties concerned before the law can get hold of it.

The penal treatment of wrong-doing by the young is divided into three systems. First there is the industrial school for hardened criminals under fourteen.

THEN there is the reformatory school for monsters of iniquity over twelve but under sixteen. If reformatory schools are equal to their reputation, they cannot be very suitable places for victims.

Both these two sorts of establishments are subject to Government control, and are in the nature of prisons. Relatives of the prisoners cannot walk in and say: "Look here, I'm going to take my child out of this."

Thirdly, there are the Borstal establishments, so-called from the place where the original one was founded in 1902, for Beelzebubs under 21. The Borstal system is admittedly a part of the prison system. It has been the subject of various scandals and outcries.

THE former Home Secretary once, in the midst of one of these outcries, invited me to go and see Borstal for myself, and he undertook that notice should not be given of my visit. Unfortunately I could not accept his invitation. So that I cannot give an informed opinion. But two points strike me. One is that boys do not run away from establishments where they are properly treated.

The other point is that over ninety per cent. of the young Borstal Beelzebubs are old offenders, which, to my mind, is a fairly satisfactory proof that our scheme for dealing with youthful victims, taken as a whole, and including the three sorts of institutions for reclaiming them, is a dead failure.

Something is very wrong somewhere. I should imagine that something is very wrong everywhere.

THE chief fact is that the point of view is wrong. It is the prison point of view, the penal point of view. The entire business of dealing with youthful "crime" ought to be taken out of the hands of the police and prison authorities (whose notions are hopelessly reactionary) and given over to a new authority consisting of men and women who are unhampered by vile traditions, and who have some acquaintance with child psychology and with sociology.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"STAFFORDSHIRE TIMES":—"After the operation had been in progress about forty YEARS, Dr.————reported that the pulse was falling."

"SPORTS BUDGET":—"Outside he only SAW the darkness and the SILENCE."

"DIXON HAWKE LIBRARY":—"Something MOVED under his feet . . . . Stooping, he saw that it was Derringer Forbes, with a bullet hole in his forehead, STONE DEAD."

"HIGHGATE AND HAMPSTEAD EXPRESS" (advertisement):—"Unfurnished first-floor flat . . . suit SUPERIOR PEOPLE OR MARRIED COUPLE."

"CHRISTIAN NOVELS LIBRARY":—"Her BLUE eyes shone like two PURPLE SAPPHIRES."

"PEOPLE'S FRIEND":—"The two girls FOLLOWED EACH OTHER into the garden."

"FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE":—"The majority of the SHEEP consisted of Norfolk root-fed PIGS."

"LIVERPOOL WEEKLY POST" (Answers to Correspondents):—"The simplest and shortest form of will suffices provided the signature is witnessed by two persons signing TOGETHER at the same time, and IN THE ABSENCE OF EACH OTHER."

"SUNDAY MERCURY":—"She had regained consciousness of her surroundings, and had HEARD the Nyctalope's

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

The use of "Wireless" now we're told
Brings hair back to the bald
A lot of shoots start from the roots
When once a set's installed

He's made a dash to seize the cash
And let's hope that he nets it,
For one can see he'll never be,
Quite happy till he gets it.

Tho' rain we've had, still water's scarce
In many parts we hear;
For Brewers take so much to make
The stuff they sell as beer.

By Unemployment's pallid shade
He's now for long been haunted,
But spectres grim don't trouble him
So Bonar's quite undaunted.

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

IT is a fitting, if cutting, commentary on the present condition of jurisprudence in England that the Lord Chief Justice is also the Lord Chief Juggins. How a man of Lord Hewart's apparent ignorance and utter unimaginativeness ever got the job, passes my comprehension.

I need not enlarge upon his ignorance, because a recent exhibition of it is fresh in the public mind. I refer to the Marie Stopes case, when instead of asking the jury to give a verdict he asked them to answer questions.

This of course may be, as Bernard Shaw says, merely another instance of the continuous pressure of the Bench to usurp the function of the jury. But my knowledge of the man makes me suspect that he hasn't the foggiest notion what the jury's job is, or whether they have got a job.

Like the majority of judges, only much more so, he regards the jury as a body of individuals expressly created for his own discomfiture and annoyance. If they look bored and listless, he is pleased, because then they'll agree with him. If they look interested and alert, he is angry, because then they'll go their own way.

As a matter of fact, he'd much rather they weren't there at all, and he is quite positive that Trial by Jury

LORD HEWART.

should be eliminated in favour of Trial by Judge—especially so, of course, when Lord Hewart is the Judge.

THE Lord Chief Justice is only 53 years of age, and he is therefore not too old to know better. He should really pull himself together and understand that, though he may be Master of Arts, he can never be anything but a Servant of the Law. We in this country are not going to put ourselves into the hands of a lot of Darlings and Horridges, or even Hewarts, if we can help it; so the sooner he gets the idea into his head that the jury really do serve a purpose, the less will he be annoyed when his own purpose is thwarted.

He should remember that part of the law which says that juries shall decide whether men are guilty or not.

If a single man or woman on the jury the other day had had the slightest knowledge of law, the foreman would have said: "Your questions, my lord, are interesting though irrelevant. Our verdict is for the plaintiff.

NOT long ago I was discussing the difference between the administration of law in England and in the U.S.A. with a well-known American. He remarked: "Our judges take bribes and deliver wrongful judgments; yours don't take bribes and yet deliver wrongful judgments. The effect is the same in both cases, but which are the bigger fools?"

I commend that pious thought to Lord Hewart, who badly needs shocking. He is thrilled by the majesty of his own high office, and head over ears in love with himself, his station in life, and his blessed respectability.

CONSEQUENTLY though his imagination will never be stirred—because he hasn't got one—it is just possible he might develop a keener sense of values if he could be scandalised into believing that in some countries judges are actually bought and sold.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. H. H. ASQUITH, K.C., M.P.,
Bedford Square, W.

SIR,—You are talking of Liberal unity and protesting that for forty years your conduct has always been above suspicion of personal jealousies or animosities. Try to leave your personal feelings out of account. If Liberals want to unite, let them get on with it. Don't raise the personal issues. They don't really interest the public. The great parties in the State are not private property. Service and sacrifice are the real tests of devotion to public interests. It is unwise to protest too much about personal disinterestedness. Let it be taken for granted. Perhaps, distinguished as you are, you will forgive this plain and not unnecessary reminder.

JOHN BULL.

To Major E. A. BELCHER,
British Empire Exhibition.

SIR,—In your enthusiasm as Assistant-Manager of the British Empire Exhibition, you tell us that you hope to hand over Wembley Park as a gift to the nation. A word of advice. Let not him that is putting on his armour boast himself as he that is pulling it off. When the battle has been fought and won it will be time to distribute the trophies. You have a long way to go and a hard fight to win before you retrieve the terrible blunders of the past. Concentrate on your job and leave the talking to the politicians. Sir William Joynson-Hicks lectured the Management on tact. May I intrude on your self-satisfaction with a parenthetical word in favour of modesty?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer.

SIR,—You tell us that the whole prosperity of the country depends on peace at home and abroad and on sound finances. These are gracious words—with a nice soothing sound. But do you know what would sound much better? The cheers of the House if you stood up in your place and announced that the Government was withdrawing our soldiers from Mesopotamia and Palestine. That is becoming a test question. It cannot be answered by doses of soothing syrup.

JOHN BULL.

To WILLIAM OSBORNE,
Croydon Street, Easton Road, Bristol.

YOU DRUNKEN BRUTE,—Under the influence of liquor you took a poor cat, and pulling its legs apart, broke its back. You got six months' hard labour—the cat died in agony. You are the kind of man who makes one regret the old law of retaliation: an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. The law does not, in its resources, include a good thrashing for a brute like you. I wish it did.

JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Sir ARTHUR STANLEY,
British Red Cross Society.

SIR,—The British Red Cross, with comparatively little to do since the war, has nearly two millions invested. It can afford to give £30,000 to Spahlinger, a non-British investigator into hygiene, whose claims are not accepted by many experts. Why not give some to our hard-up hospitals? Should not *British* Red Cross charity begin in Britain?

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. VOGEL,
The Gables, Milton Ernes', Bedfordshire.

MADAM,—Your butler, Mr. Speyer, was arrested on a charge of stealing a £2,000 necklace belonging to you. The necklace eventually was found in the pocket of your golf sweater, hanging in your wardrobe. Speyer spent £20 defending his good name—and he is still out of a job. Don't you think you ought to compensate him? Just think what common decency requires. You are rich; he is poor. He suffered for your carelessness. Come, come, Madam—do the right thing. If you don't, do you think you will ever again enjoy flaunting your £2,000 necklace? I don't.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. G. A. STUDDERT-KENNEDY, M.C.,
St. Edmund's Church, E.C.

REV. SIR,—You are filling City churches whenever you preach. Many of your colleagues empty them. You say you cannot explain why. It is easy. You talk common sense, in plain language. You know, my dear Woodbine Willie, something of life. You preach a gospel of gladness and good cheer, muscular and genial Christianity. Let us have more of this—less of the gloomy and the dismal—and the Church will maintain its position. No one with any sense believes that a good Christian must be a kill-joy or a bore.

JOHN BULL.

To Judge Sir ALFRED TOBIN,
Westminster County Court.

YOUR HONOUR,—You refused application for a jury in two accident cases in which the plaintiffs asked for it. You say that if people want a jury in such cases there must be an additional judge appointed. That is not your business. Trial by jury is the safeguard and right of the people—established after hundreds of years of struggle. Don't be so foolish as to suppose that you can deprive the people of their inalienable right by a gesture of displeasure. You are in your job to administer the law, not to re-write the British Constitution.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. W. G. SAVAGE,
Royal College of Surgeons.

SIR,—You boast that, in the interest of science, you fed 17 kittens for eight days on a mixture of bad-canned meat and bad-canned fish. After a couple of days this food, highly objectionable to the smell, had to be forced on them. What a disgusting story! Poor, helpless things! How would you like to be forcibly fed on tainted food? Do you really think that civilisation can be advanced by exposing kittens to ptomaine poisoning? Ugh!

JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. BERTRAND RUSSELL,
Independent Labour Party.

SIR,—You are a frank advocate of laziness. You tell us that if Lord Northcliffe, instead of working like a galley-slave all his life, had chased butterflies; or just taken to drink, he would have been a better man. Don't you think you might leave this great dead Englishman out of your impertinences? Practise the cultivation of laziness if *you* wish. It doesn't matter a row of beans to the rest of the race. But it is a strange doctrine to emanate from a member of a party which, after all, does, or ought to, believe in the dignity of work.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir ALFRED BUTT,
Empire Theatre.

SIR,—You are bringing to this country an All-Black revue, with negro artistes. Do you think this will help us to bear the white man's burden? Do you think popular taste so securely founded on the useful and the good that a touch of the tar-brush can do it no harm? Are there no British artistes out of work capable of entertaining the British public? Why not try to find them and give them a chance?

JOHN BULL.

DEAR OLD PALS!

Veterans of the past we would like to see—The Happy Trio.

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

The People's Choice

THERE is one lesson of the recent by-elections which does not seem to have been sufficiently emphasised. At East Willesden and Mitcham, and again in the Edgehill Division of Liverpool, the housing question no doubt played a great part, and we are not altogether sorry that the Government have been reminded of their duty.

But there was something else. In each of these constituencies the electors, including many stalwart Conservatives, disliked having candidates thrust upon them by the party headquarters, for no better reason than to enable the Prime Minister to avoid the reconstruction of his Cabinet. The ordinary voter, faced with the task of choosing a Member of Parliament, is apt to consider that if Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, for instance, is not good enough for Dudley and not good enough for Taunton, he is not good enough for Mitcham. This very point was rather neatly made by the new Member, who interpreted his victory as meaning, among other things, that "the county of Surrey was quite capable of furnishing its own Members of Parliament."

At each of these contests the electors knew full well that the resignation of the Member they chose last November had been deliberately engineered to suit the requirements of the Government. In effect, they were told that their free democratic choice was of less importance than the convenience of the Conservative Party. This sort of thing will not do.

It is evident that voters are at length demanding a free choice of candidates, which is as essential a right, if democratic institutions are to be more than a sham, as the liberty to mark the ballot paper. In these enlightened days the dictation of the Party Whips is no longer tamely accepted, and the fact is one for which we may be grateful. It betokens a quickening of political interest, a growing sense of citizenship, a greater grasp of realities.

It ought to be possible in these days for every constituency to find its own member, not in the present haphazard way, but by a process of intelligent selection. The political carpet-bagger has had his day.

Three Tragedies

THERE is evidently something radically wrong at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. In the short space of a fortnight inquests have been held upon three children who have died there under chloroform, and in view of the circumstances disclosed to the City Coroner, Dr. F. J. Waldo, it is high time for a searching inquiry into the methods employed in the administration of anæsthetics at the hospital.

There was a remarkable resemblance between the three fatalities. In each case death was due, not to the operation, which was successfully performed, but to delayed chloroform poisoning developing some hours later. If chloroform were the only anæsthetic available there might be no avoiding these deadly risks, but in point of fact it is one of several commonly employed by doctors, and Dr. Waldo was able to cite distinguished medical authority for his opinion that chloroform was not suitable as an anæsthetic for young children. This grave view of the matter was shared by Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the distinguished Home Office expert, who seems to have been surprised at the use of chloroform in these juvenile cases.

Against this weight of authority the Coroner was favoured with the views of Dr. Francis de Caux, the resident anæsthetist at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, who stated his conviction that chloroform was not dangerous, and that there was no good reason why it should not be administered to children. Upon the views of this single doctor, opposed as they are to a vast body of medical opinion, the deaths of three children in a fortnight from chloroform poisoning are a sinister comment. The alleged rarity of such deaths, upon which the Coroner, speaking from a wide experience, cast some doubt, is a poor consolation to the bereaved parents, and in view of the testimony cited by Dr. Waldo and borne out by Sir Bernard Spilsbury, it becomes a question whether Dr. Francis de Caux ought not to be forced to revise his methods.

A further point arises in connection with the recent tragedies at St. Bartholomew's. It is customary, we believe, when chloroform is to be administered, to treat the patient previously with certain drugs designed to avert the risk of subsequent poisoning. In view of Sir Bernard Spilsbury's statement that this prophylactic treatment was "part of the routine in children's hospitals," the fact that it was omitted in these three fatal cases calls for a more adequate explanation than it has yet received. The authorities at "Bart's." must take action without delay.

A Shameful Traffic

UPON the evidence before us, we are not able to accept the statement of the Minister of Agriculture that the shameful traffic in worn-out horses has entirely stopped. Admittedly the evil has been to some extent abated, but it is one thing to make regulations and another to see that they are stringently enforced. It is notorious that decrepit horses are still being exported in considerable numbers for butchery abroad, and in some instances the sufferings endured by these wretched animals on their arrival at Antwerp and other Continental ports are too horrible for description.

We have the testimony of eye-witnesses who have seen horses awaiting slaughter at these places standing for hours on exposed quays without food or drink—it being apparently considered a waste of money by their heartless purchasers to feed or water them while awaiting death. This is a scandal which no Ministerial apology can wipe out, and public opinion will not be satisfied until it is brought to an end in the only possible way by the absolute prohibition of the traffic.

It is idle to pretend that the £20 limit of value fixed by the Ministry of Agriculture is being observed. Ninety per cent. of the horses arriving at Antwerp are intended for slaughter, and we make bold to say that no such price is ever paid for them. Brutality, not for the first time, has called fraud to its aid. The Ministry of Agriculture has been deceived.

Sickening Disclosures

THERE is no room for doubt that behind the shut doors of lunatic asylums, both public and private, the gravest abuses exist. The agitation against the present system of asylum treatment has passed far beyond the limits of a "newspaper stunt"; it rests upon the testimony of distinguished medical practitioners, of ex-attendants, and of a vast body of humane men and women who have made it their special business to seek knowledge of these matters.

The latest recruit to the ranks of the reformers is Mrs. Mary Hatfield, of the Hull City Council, who lately startled her colleagues by a vivid description of the state of affairs obtaining at the Hull Corporation Mental Hospital.

Briefly, Mrs. Hatfield's indictment comprised charges of cruelty, indecency, and slatternly neglect in the treatment of female patients. The details were revolting. The bathing accommodation was so limited, there being only three baths for 341 patients, that frequently seven women were bathed in one lot of water, one towel doing duty for four.

These unhappy creatures were ordinarily undressed at a distance from the bathroom, taken practically nude through cold corridors, and left standing in a queue till their turn came.

In practical fashion, Mrs. Hatfield, who is not a crank, demanded that the Hull Corporation should appoint a committee of women to investigate her charges. But this simple request the Hospital Committee have seen fit to decline. Their refusal is their condemnation. If they have nothing to be afraid of, why should they refuse so obvious a means of establishing the truth? It is only too evident that there is a skeleton in the cupboard which they wish to conceal.

Scarcely a week passes without some new revelation of asylum horrors, and the Government will not much longer be able to resist the demand for a Royal Commission to inquire into the whole question of the treatment of the insane. The present plight of the mentally diseased is pitiful but, as Charles Reade reminded us long ago, "it is never too late to mend."

Less than Murder

AT the Sussex Assizes last week an unmarried woman who in the frenzy following childbirth had killed her baby, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the second division. If this had happened eighteen months ago she would inevitably have been found guilty of wilful murder and sentenced to be hanged.

It is a peculiar satisfaction to us to have been largely instrumental in calling public attention to the scandal of these farcical death sentences, and we rejoice that a new and more humane definition of infanticide has taken the place of the old barbaric law.

No mother kills her new-born child except in a moment of madness, and the penalties still reserved for a crime which must be always less than murder are more than sufficient for the protection of infant life.

THE CATCH IN "EQUALITY"

by HAROLD OWEN

PHRASES are great tyrants, and many a cause succeeds through a battle-cry that begs the whole question. As, for instance, the cry "Equality for the Sexes." It sounds so self-evidently right, so invincibly logical, so impregnably just, that it triumphs over its own fallaciousness. People do not realise that equity and equality are not the same thing, that equality may co-exist with *difference*, and is not secured by sameness, and that just as the heart and the liver may each be considered "equals," though performing different functions, so the equality between men and women may, after all, best be secured by *not* striving for identity.

Yet the cry of "sex equality" prevails. It throws not only the onus but the odium of disproof on those who oppose it, and damns them as upholders of injustice. Yet the matter is really not quite so simple as all that.

However, "equality" is now on the march, and will now have to go marching on. The latest equality movement, doomed to success, is that which seeks to equalise the grounds of divorce so that unfaithfulness on the part of a husband carries the same penalty as unfaithfulness on the part of a wife. Nothing, say the equalitarians, could be more just. And yet nothing the equalitarians may do, whatever they may say, will equalise the offence, however you equalise the penalty. For nothing can equalise its *consequences*, or the degree of wrong that may be done by one to the other.

However, all I am here concerned to point out is that once the ball has started logically rolling, it must go on to its logical end. Hitherto, sex equality has been claimed in the interests of women—when conscription called up its hundreds and thousands no man, and not even a conscientious objector, was heard protesting against the sex inequality which protected his sisters and his cousins and his aunts from military service. But the next stage will claim sex equality in the interests of men.

It is dead against the doctrine of "sex equality" that a man should be responsible for his wife's wrongful actions towards others—slandering a neighbour, pushing the pram through a plate glass window, or setting the chimney on fire whilst he is away in the City, working for her. It is ridiculously inequitable that a husband, suing his wife for divorce (which, nowadays, is even more expensive than remaining married), should have to pay her costs to prove her guilt. And it is supremely "unequal" that the doctrine of wife maintenance should survive in days of "sex equality," and that men should still be sent to prison for failing to support those "equal citizens" their wives.

As for the Married Women's Property Act, could anything more derisively contemptuous of the "equality" theory be imagined than that the law should positively go out of its way to enable a wife to say "What is yours is mine, but what is mine is all my own?" Obviously, now we are to have all-round equality, we must have it, and either that Act must be repealed or a Married Men's Property Act must be enacted. And that would carry us far—far enough, anyhow, for even quite stupid people to see the catch in the ridiculously easy battle-cry, "the equality of the sexes."

WHAT WILL BONAR L

by A. G. GARDINER

"UNLESS Mr. Bonar Law can find some solution for the housing prob his Government is not worth a month's purchase. Nor, indee any Government that takes its place." In writing these words Mr. A. G his finger on the crux of the whole political situation, and incidental reason for the present public dissatisfaction. Moreover, he gives in thi article some useful hints on the best way to get houses for the p

MR. BONAR LAW is an unenviable man to-day. Three months ago he was returned to power in triumph on a policy of "Tranquillity." To-day the electors are unanimously kicking him into the gutter because they find he has not worked a miracle. It was no doubt foolish of him to talk about tranquillity as though it was a thing to be summoned by a wave of the hand. You cannot have tranquillity in a world rocking with earthquake, and it is bad policy to talk as though you can. It only raises expectations which cannot be fulfilled.

It is fair to Mr. Bonar Law to remember that he did not make the earthquake. He is the inheritor of it, and the victim of it. He has succeeded to the bankruptcy left by his predecessor. That gentleman had all the fun and all the glory of squandering the national estate in riotous living, and his successor is left to clear up the wreckage if he can. I doubt whether he can. I think this country is going to pass through rough times in which Prime Ministers will lie on uneasy pillows and governments will have a short time to live.

FOR example, it is pretty clear that if there were an election to-day, Mr. Bonar Law would be out of office to-morrow. That reflection gives me no satisfaction, although I am not one of Mr. Bonar Law's supporters. It gives me no satisfaction because these electoral surges to and fro are a bad sign. They are the symptom of a people in something like a panic, who have lost their moorings, and are plunging blindly from one extreme to another to find a way of escape.

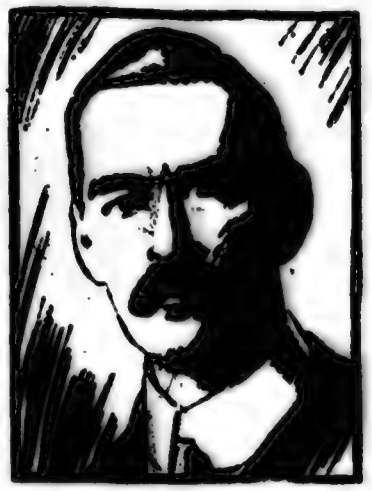
But they are a symptom which Mr. Bonar Law cannot disregard. Unless he can find some solution for the housing problem, the life of his Government is not worth a month's purchase. Nor, indeed, is the life of any Government that takes its place.

IT is natural that the public discontent should have blazed out in this formidable way on the subject of housing. The conditions in which multitudes of the people of this country have lived have been a scandal for generations. It is nearly eighty years since Charles Dickens put his finger on the housing conditions as the greatest shame and the greatest menace to this country, and ever since then things have been getting, not better, but worse. The cry of "No Room to Live" has been raised periodically ever since I can remember, but it ended in nothing.

It ended in nothing because the politicians could never be induced to deal with housing as a national problem in the same way that the Navy is a national problem or education or main roads are national problems. What is the greatest property of a State? It is the physical, mental and moral well-being of the people who compose it. By comparison, trade is nothing and riches are nothing, and navies and armies are nothing.

Yet the one thing that politicians have been indifferent to in the past has been the conditions in which the mass of the people have lived. Millions of them have been huddled together in rookeries and slums which were unfit for pigs.

I can take you to streets even in country towns where every room contains a family. I can take you to a city where 15,000 tenements which have been condemned as unfit for human habitation are occupied by 60,000 people. What sort of citizens can we expect to breed in such conditions? If we deny the people homes we cannot look for a miracle that will turn their children into stalwart men and women, clean in habit and decent in thought. We can only look for a generation of puny inefficients at the best and vicious wastrels at the worst. And what is the future of a country which thus degrades the only currency by which it truly lives?



THE MINISTER OF HEALTH

Yet whoever heard of a panic before about housing? We could always get up a panic about the Navy. All the newspapers screamed themselves black in the face if Russia, or France, or, later, Germany, was suspected of coming within shouting distance of our sea-power. But the fact that the life-blood of the nation was running to water aroused neither alarm nor indignation.

Now the panic has come, and I rejoice at it. It is the most wholesome panic that I can remember. I dislike panic legislation, but when there is no other way of curing a disease, I welcome even a panic cure, and the fact that henceforth no Government can expect to live which does not find houses for the people to live in is an assurance that they will be found.

WHAT will Mr. Bonar Law do in face of the storm that has burst upon him? One thing he cannot do. He cannot release the control of the State upon the housing situation until there is a reaso of houses. To do that would people bound hand and foot t I do not mean that the landl wicked class t They are very rest of us. Bu they would do you and I w same circums would use the tract the utm doubt many of grievances un conditions.

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by A. G. GARDINER

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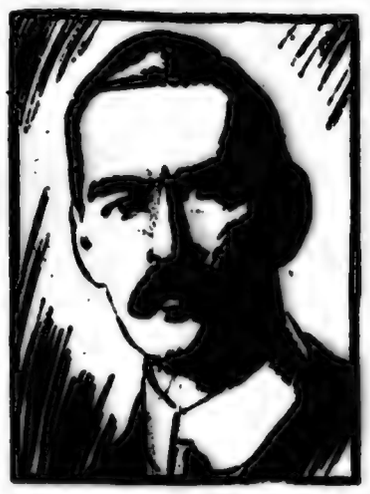

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WHAT will Mr. Bonar Law do in face of the storm that has burst upon him? ne thing he cannot do. He cannot release e control of the State upon the housing situation until there is a reasonable sufficiency of houses. To do that would be to deliver the people bound hand and foot to the landlords. I do not mean that the landlords are a more wicked class than any other. They are very much like the rest of us. But given freedom they would do what probably you and I would do in the same circumstances — they would use the famine to extract the utmost profit. No doubt many of them have real grievances under the present conditions.

It is regrettable, but when the world goes to war all sorts of people suffer, and the grievances of the landlords are small in comparison with the grievances of hundreds of thousands of men whose lives were broken in the trenches while more cunning people at home were saving their skins and piling up fortunes. And if the landlords have a claim against anyone it is not against the tenants but against the State.

Nor must Mr. Law imitate the profligate policy by which the late Government, having promised "homes for heroes," succeeded only in filling the pockets of the building trusts at the expense of the public. Millions of money were poured out, but the house famine to-day is worse than it was at the end of the war. The mistake was crude. The Government offered an enormous bribe for the encouragement of building, but it took no steps to prevent that bribe being swallowed up by the building interests. The result was that a conspiracy of those interests raised the price of materials to an almost fabulous degree and pocketed the plunder. Relatively few houses were built, and these at such an uneconomic cost that they remain a heavy and permanent burden to the taxpayer.

THE lesson of all this for Mr. Bonar Law is not that the State must withdraw from the business. It cannot do this, for it would mean that no houses would be built at all for the working classes. In the present condition, private enterprise could not, unaided, produce houses at rents which the working man can pay.

The lesson is that the State must use its power, but that it must use it wisely and not profligately. It should not put up a bribe which would bring all the vultures around its doors again. It should throw the responsibility of providing houses on the local authorities (where, indeed, it legally rests); it should compel them to meet the demands on them; it should help them with cheap money and with such reasonable financial backing from the Treasury as should lighten the burden for the ratepayer; above all, it should exercise such control over the price of materials as would prevent the profiteering which ruined the Lloyd George scheme.

WHEN we have got the houses, it will perhaps be possible to leave the business to the uncontrolled operations of private enterprise, but while the famine continues the Government must protect the tenants against exploitation. And that protection should be extended to all the needy classes. There is no convincing reason why the landlord should be let loose against the middle classes sooner than against the working classes. They are as hard pressed; their case is just as deserving of protection.

I have said that I distrust panic legislation. We have got to build in haste, but we must avoid building in panic. I believe that the wise solution of the housing problem is the decentralisation of industry. It is the congestion in the towns which is the root of the evil, and it would be deplorable to pull down slums and put up barrack dwellings.

THE people want homes with a bit of garden and fresh air and flowers around them, and not great prison structures in which the children are shut out from all wholesome contact with nature. We should aim at drawing the people from the cities, not at crowding more of them into the cities.

For this reason the question of building should be handled on bold lines, and associated with town planning and the inducement to factories to move into the country. The people will follow the work, and if the houses were promised the manufacturers would go.

I have left myself no space to deal with the other vast problem that confronts Mr. Bonar Law—the problem of unemployment. That would carry me far afield, for the root of unemployment is in the Ruhr and all that the Ruhr signifies. Until peace is restored to Europe there can be no real recovery of trade in this country and unemployment will remain a chronic disease.

WHAT is Mr. Bonar Law going to do to restore peace? By his answer to that question, his Government will stand or fall. An attitude of tranquillity is no answer. He must have a bold and a just policy, and pursue it with courage, or the storm of which he has had such formidable premonitions will sweep him out of office.

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THE IMMORALITY OF THE SUBURBS

by DOUGLAS GOLDRING
(Author of "Nobody Knows")

IN pre-war days there were two classes in England in which looseness of morals was commonly supposed to be the rule rather than the exception—artists of all kinds, and what used to be called the "smart set." But in regard to the great mass of hard-working, "black-coated" wage-earners and respectable business people living with their wives and families in the suburbs of London and of our big provincial cities, a very different state of things was believed to—and did in fact—prevail. In our vast middle-class, the backbone of the nation, the Victorian traditions of industry and self-restraint were still maintained. Indeed, until quite recently, the primness and decorum of some of London's suburbs was proverbial.

To-day, it would scarcely be an exaggeration to describe these same suburbs as hot-beds of semi-respectable vice. Repression has given place to licence. The moral code still in force a decade ago, and the restraints imposed by it, have conspicuously failed to survive the war, and have given way to a positive saturnalia of sexual indulgence. Whatever may be our views as to the advantages to married couples of accurate information in regard to birth control, there can be little doubt that the widespread dissemination of such information has largely contributed to the existing state of things.

It is, of course, not the only cause. A growing looseness of morals was observable in the years immediately preceding the war, stimulated, perhaps, by the sensuousness of certain well-known theatrical productions. But it was the excitement of the war itself, to women particularly, which finally destroyed in numbers of young people all idea of sexual restraint. Not only was the war period a time of high sexual stimulation for women, but it also enabled hundreds of thousands of girls to escape from sheltered homes to well-paid employment, and to a free and easy life.

The conditions were abnormal, and the whole atmosphere was over-charged with sexual electricity, so that it is scarcely surprising that during the years 1914 to 1918 the moral bonds were loosed to a degree which had probably not been known in England within living memory.

The phase might have been a passing one if the old terrors surrounding illicit love had still been operative. But the spread of information on the subject of contraception has removed the haunting fear from women's minds, particularly from the minds of women who earn their living as clerks, typists, and so forth, and whose livelihoods would be endangered by child-bearing.

That the community is faced, to-day, with a problem of the utmost seriousness in regard to sexual indulgence, there can be no reasonable doubt. But it is the inevitable law that licence is followed quickly by satiety. Sooner or later the fundamental truths of human nature will re-assert themselves. Women will learn that men only value what they have to struggle to attain, and that their only real happiness lies in the lasting union, in the bearing of children and in the safeguarding of the home. And men will learn that the possession of women without love is a degradation which brings nothing but boredom and misery in its train.

MY TURF FRAUDS

My Most Impudent Swindle

A MORE impudent swindle than the one described in this article would be hard to imagine. When he perpetrated it Barrie surpassed himself, for even his most intimate friends were shaking in their shoes when a wonderful Irish mare ran under the name of the well-known Shining More.

by P. C. (Pat) BARRIE—Master Horse-Faker

I ALWAYS planned every coup from start to finish except the betting; and if the betting had been in my hands and I'd had time to scheme out that side of the business, not only should we have been rich men, but we should never have been caught.

The Shining More campaign was my own; and naturally, those who were in with me began to get scared when they saw the difficulty we had in restoring Shining More to her natural colour.

"You'll never get that dye off in time for Plumpton," said Marsh irritably. "We shall have to give that race a miss."

. . .

BUT I was particularly anxious not to give Plumpton a miss. The race was on the Saturday following Good Friday, when all the lovers of the jumping game were assembled, and I wanted them to see Shining More, in the same way as a conjurer wishes the audience to see the inside of a hat to show that there is no deception!

We got Shining More clean at last, and the old mare—she didn't seem to care very much what colour she was—went well in a gallop a few days before the race, and I thought that, if she didn't win, she would be placed. To leave nothing to chance, half an hour before the race I gave her just a gentle "gee-up" with a couple of grains of cocaine.

Captain Bennet was put up to ride Shining More, and a real good race she ran, though she did not win, finishing third in a huge field. But Plumpton was not my objective. My eyes were steadfastly fixed upon the Cheetham Handicap at Manchester on the following Monday; and in order to win that race, and to supplement our gains, I had planned the most audacious piece of villainy in my career.

. . .

AS usual, when a big coup was in course of organisation, the nerves of the confederacy got on edge. There was one big bookmaker in our gang (he has since died, and no useful purpose would be served by throwing mud at his memory) who was absolutely terrified.

"I shall be betting at Kempton," he said, "and all the time I shall be worrying what's happening at Manchester. Don't you realise, Barrie, that the whole National Hunt Committee will be in the north, watching the Lancashire Steeplechase?"

"That's what I like," I said. "If I knew any of the National Hunt Committee weren't going to be present I'd send them a wire!"

"You're raving mad," said Marsh. "I agree with ——. You're too reckless. Can't you keep these fakes for smaller meetings?"

It was the same old story, and I was wearied of hearing this ancient argument, wearied of returning my inevitable reply.

"I hope," said I, "that when Shining More comes back into the unsaddling ring, every member of the National Hunt Committee will have a front place on the rails. I should like Shining More's previous owner and trainer to be in the unsaddling enclosure, to give her a good look over. I hope the Press will be there in force, and that Shining More will be photographed from every angle. I never feel so confident as when I am surrounded by clever people."

What was the trouble about? What was the cause of the agitation? It was simply this, that, whilst I had taken Shining More to Cheltenham and called her Silver Badge, I was now going to take another mare to Manchester and call her Shining More!

Accurate timing was everything. Horses must be at a certain place at a certain moment, so that the change could be made without anybody being the wiser.

. . .

THE mare I had fixed upon as being as nearly like Shining More as possible was a mare that was running in Ireland—a most excellent performer, fast over hurdles, a safe jumper, and, in her class, infinitely better than anything in the Cheetham Handicap. I had been over to Ireland before the Plumpton race and completed my arrangements.

And here let me say, in case you are disappointed because I do not give you the name of the mare, its owner and its trainer, that in these reminiscences I steadfastly refuse to "shop" anybody who has not already been in the limelight. They were as guilty as me, but that has nothing to to with the matter. It is not my job to play policeman.

So tremble not in your shoes, dear Irish friends, at the thought that Barrie is going to give you away. And you, member of a great family, respected from one end of the country to the other, do not go abroad hurriedly, for Barrie is no squeaker! You were in the fraud and you got away with the stuff—good luck to you! I did the three years, and I am not going to say anything that will bring the gates of Dartmoor any nearer than they are to you.

. . .

ONE look at the mare was quite good enough for me. She was the ideal animal for my purpose. I examined her from head to foot, noted how she walked, made a mental photograph of her legs, her hoofs, the colour and length of her mane, the stance of her tail, the prick of her ears; and I was satisfied that, with a little change here and a little twist there, Shining More would be reborn in this good performer (the table on this page shows the runners).

She arrived at Liverpool and went on to a place near Manchester. Shining More, after the Plumpton race, was officially reported to have gone on to the same venue, but in reality the old mare travelled westward; and when she was supposed to be engaged in the strenuous business of race-running, she was, as a matter of fact, kicking up her heels in a paddock and enjoying herself as a thoroughbred horse can enjoy itself, even on Easter Monday.

. . .

IT was I who brought the mare on to the Manchester racecourse, for I had decided that on this occasion it would not be wise to put up Captain Bennet, who was a keen horseman and, although he might be deceived by appearance, would not be so easily deceived once he got astride of something which he was supposed to have ridden on the previous Saturday.

I brought her out ready saddled, got into my riding kit, and weighed out. On the way to "get up" an acquaintance stopped me.

"I see you're riding Shining More to-day, Barrie, but I don't think you'll do much better than Bennet did. He was rather surprised to hear you had sent her up after that severe race on Saturday."

"Is he riding?" I asked, for I did not until then realise that he had a mount in the race.

As it happened, we both mounted at the same time and went out of the paddock together. Bennet took in the mare at a glance.

"That's a nice little thing you're riding, Barrie," he said. "What is it?"

"Well, you ought to know—you rode her on Saturday," I replied, as bold as brass.

His eyebrows went up.

"Oh! Is that Shining More? I never had a good look at her before. I thought she was a bigger animal than that."

"She'll be big enough by the time this race is over," said I, and cantered away from him, for I wasn't anxious to continue the conversation.

He was riding Wisp, which shared joint favouritism with Piggott's mount, Palmers Hill. The other horse, ridden by Watkinson, Corso, was second favourite; whilst Shining More, ridden by that redoubtable gentleman jockey, Mr. Peter Christian Barrie, opened at tens and came down to six to one. The distance was two miles four furlongs; and with the exception of Palmer's Hill, I was giving weight away all round.

I knew what a good 'un I was on the moment my knees gripped her, but I had no idea how good she was until the flag fell and we went over the first flight of hurdles together. Thence onwards I had all my work cut out to hold her, for she was a two stone better mare than anything in that race. Eventually I shot out, and, despite all my efforts to lessen the distance, won in a hack canter by ten lengths.

"Bravo, Shining More!" said some mug who had backed her, as I rode into the paddock.

"That's a good horse you rode, Mr. Barrie," said an official of the Manchester executive after I had weighed in. "Do you know that I've backed her every time she's run?"

"I'd like to bet that you haven't!" said I to myself—but I was wise enough not to speak my thoughts aloud.

. . .

THERE, so far, ends the history of Shining More. I took her eventually to Scotland, where there occurred an incident which may be briefly recorded before I get on to the next swindle.

Shining More was extensively tipped to win a Scottish race, and I went there with the intention of winning. When I arrived on the course, I was approached by a big bookmaker, who said significantly, "Is a monkey any good to you, Barrie?"

I replied that £500 was always good to me, under any circumstances.

"Where is the money?" I asked.

He handed over five hundred pound notes and I put them into my pocket and no other word was uttered. But I am well acquainted with the methods of a certain type of bookmaker. I lost my race, but it was the devil of a job to lose it!

To this day I recall the howls of the frenzied backers of Shining More.

. . .

NEXT week I am going back a little, to tell you of a flat-race fraud in which the great jockey Donoghue was an innocent participator, for he rode a faked horse. I present him with this fact so that he may include it in his autobiography, though until this moment he is probably unaware that he was victimised.

PLUMPTON, APRIL 3rd, 1922.
EASTER HANDICAP HURDLE. £165. 2m.
Rocksplit, 9-10-2 ..... Mr. F. Rees 1
Ravello, 8-9-11 ..... L'Estrange 2
Shining More, 7-10-3 ..... Capt. Bennet 3
Eston Jetty, Antipater, Court Bleddyn, Lady Alicia, Gunyah, Sikh, Daisy Square, Saxmundham, Porton.
Betting:—3, Gunyah, 4 Rocksplit, 9/2 Court Bleddyn, 5 Antipater, 6 Lady Alicia, 8 Eston Jetty, Sikh, 16 others. 1; ½ length. Poole.

MANCHESTER, APRIL 8th, 1922.
CHEETHAM HANDICAP HURDLE, £168 2m. 4f.
Shining More, 7-11-11 ..... Mr. Barrie 1
Corso, 5-11-7 ..... Watkinson 2
Wisp, 5-10-7 ..... Capt. Bennet 3
Walton Heath, Palmer's Hill.
Betting:—7/4 Wisp, Palmer's Hill, 4 Corso, 6 Shining More, 10 Walton Heath. 10; 5. Donnelly.

SALISTON HUNT, APRIL 17th, 1922.
STAND HANDICAP HURDLE, £247. 2m.
Partition, 6-10-10 ..... Watkington 1
Shining More, 7-11-8 ..... Mr. Barrie 2
Buzz Off, 5-10-13 ..... Watkinson 3
Eaton Hero, Perforce, Scottish Archer.
Betting:—5/2 Buzz Off, 3 Partition, 7/2 Scottish Archer, 4 Shining More, 8 others. 4; same. Burns.

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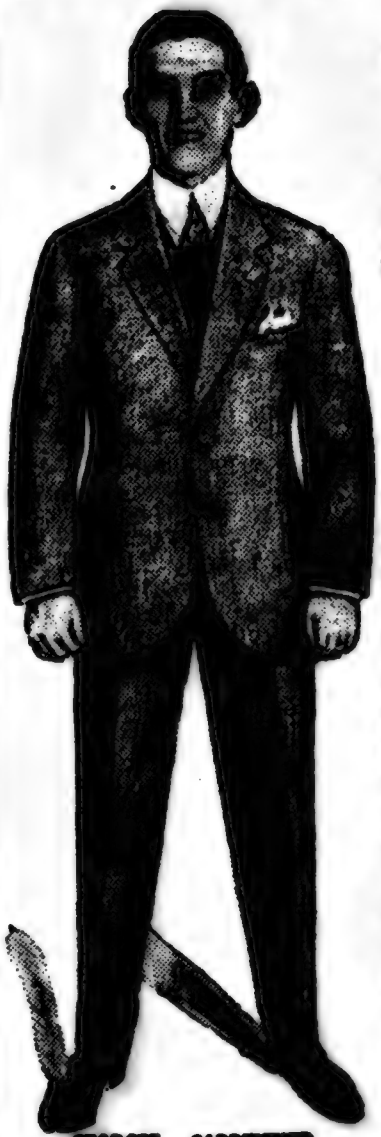

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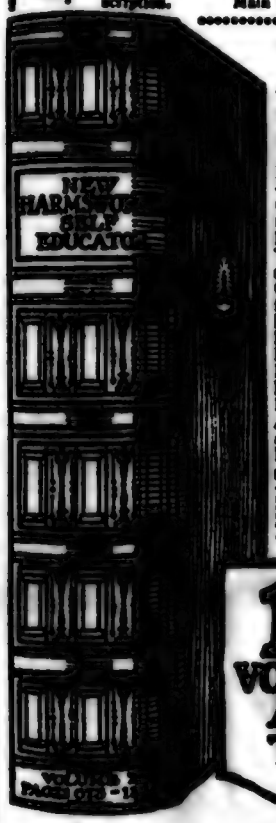

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UNDERGROUND HISTORY

Matrimonial Trials in Mayfair

by HARRISON OWEN

"I MUST say, George, as 'ow I'm surprised at you," remarked the Underground Traveller, glancing with disapproval at the newspaper his friend was devouring. "A respectable man of your age readin' this 'ere Russell divorce case! Isn't there anythink more elevating in the paper for you to read? Wot abaht the racin' tips an' the leadin' nartikle? . . . . Wot's that you say? Garn! let's 'ave a look . . . .

"Now George, don't you be impatient," the unfortunate George was advised three stations further on when he had mildly suggested that his paper should be returned to him. "Well, well, take your paper, George. See that bit where this 'ere report says she asked the bloke for a kiss jest to go on with? 'Struth! But, there, *I* don't wanter waste time torkin' abaht such things. Fine example these haristocrats set blokes like me an' you. Wot price the morals of Mayfair, eh? Kissin' and jazzin' and takin' baths every day. I never did approve of these 'oity-toity folks wot's always wantin' baths.

"THEN look at this 'ere young Russell 'oose mamma sez as 'ow 'e takes size ten in gloves—seems to me it would 'ave been better if 'e 'ad taken a pair of four-ounce gloves an' got busy with 'em. That's the worst of belongin' to the haristocracy, George; a young feller with blue blood in 'is veins can't express 'is feelings like me an' you can, even though 'e *do* take size twelve in boots. 'Is sort is never taught nothink except 'ow to be a gentleman, an' when they come 'ome an' find that the tea isn't made an' the margerine was all used up for lunch, they can only say 'Dash it, woter beastly bore!' whereas a man wot *was* a man . . . . Well, I don't know as I'd go as far as that, George. Me finer instinks would make me draw the line at the poker, but I don't say as 'ow some Tarzan work with a rolling-pin mightn't be effikashus . .

"WOT'S that? . . . . Well, you don't often make a sensible remark, George, but I guess with you that the baby's the one to feel for. Bright lil nipper it is, too, judgin' by it's photograft.

"Then there's this Lord Ampthill, young Russell's dad. 'E's another wot's gettin' it in the neck. Sez the case 'as nearly ruined 'im an' now 'e can't even afford to keep a motor-car. That's terrible 'ard on 'is lordship. When a lord can't afford a pint or two of petrol it's jest like me an' you not bein' able to afford a pint o' beer.

"I'm sorry for 'is lordship, though as a rule I 'aven't got much sympathy for blokes who sport beavers. There's no doubt it's a terrible expensive business for the haristocracy, gettin' unmarried. Jest you think of it—ten thousand beautiful quids the last trial cost, all to try an' get unmarried! Why, me an' you could commit bigamy or even trigonometry for less! Not to mention this 'ere present trial, neither. It'll cost a pound or two at least. I 'ope 'e finds that it's worth the trouble. Wouldn't 'e just feel annoyed if that there son of 'is went and got 'itched up to another gal. 'Spect that's what'll 'appen, too. Some of 'em spends their 'ole lives gettin' married and unmarried."

The Underground Traveller lapsed into profound thought, from which he was only aroused by George treading on his favourite corn to signify that they had reached their destination.

"FOR once in a way, George, right," observed the philosopher in corduroy as they moved toward the door; "the nipper's the one a bloke feels sorry for. As for the rest of 'em—all I can say is as 'ow you ought to be glad you're goin' to a 'ome where your missus will 'ave a bit o' supper waitin' for you, an' not to one of them Mayfair flats where, like as not, you'd 'ave to cook your own kipper!"

RE-UNITED IN THE WORKHOUSE

Tragic Experiences of a Homeless Ex-Soldier and his Family

HERE is a story of a wrecked home, blighted hopes, and blank despair. It is not exceptional in our experience. Shameful though it is that men who have served their country faithfully and well should be reduced to such straits in the land which was to be made fit for heroes to live in, such a case is but typical of scores which are brought to our notice every week.

Charles Herbert Jones, who is now fifty years of age, was a painter and house decorator when war broke out, living in comparative comfort with his wife and family. He enlisted in the Royal Army Service Corps and went to France, where he was badly wounded in the knee. After four years' service he was discharged from the Army in 1920 with a twenty-per-cent. disability pension of 15s. 1d. a week.

He was still in hospital in Orpington when his wife took a tenancy of two rooms in a basement of a house in Church Street, Paddington, at a rental of 8s. 6d. a week.

IT was not difficult to find space for the furniture, for much of the old home had been dispensed with in the lean days which followed the war, and only the bare necessaries remained. Three of the children had become chargeable to the Guardians, and 3s. a week had to be paid for their maintenance, so that after the rent was settled there was only 3s. 7d. left of his pension for food and other necessaries. This the Relieving Officer supplemented by grocery tickets to the value of 15s. weekly.

The rooms were scarcely fit to live in, and the landlady, though she had herself experienced the sorrows of widowhood, was not overflowing with the milk of human kindness towards the distressed dependents of a crippled ex-Service man. She gave Mrs. Jones notice to quit in May, 1922, and shortly afterwards the premises were condemned as unfit for human habitation.

AN Order for possession was made with stay of execution so long as the rent was paid with instalments of arrears. The rent and arrears were paid up to the end of last November.

Jones, still in hospital at Orpington, received news that the dread calamity he feared had befallen his wife and family on New Year's Day. They had been evicted and the furniture put into the street. A hostile crowd had gathered and expressed indignation at the proceedings, and on the intervention of a police officer the landlady had the things removed from the pavement and carried through the house into the back yard, where they remained for days in the rain.

The poor fellow obtained leave and came up to London. His wife, with her baby seventeen months old and a daughter of fifteen, went to Dr. Barnado's Home for shelter, and he with his son went to the Church Army. After a few days the family were re-united in the workhouse, and at last found a furnished room to live in.

THEN a bereavement occurred, and on January 24th, Jones went to the Police Court to ask permission to obtain some black clothes for his wife out of the furniture which had been impounded. His request was refused, and to his amazement the Warrant Officer produced a warrant for his arrest in respect of a penalty of £7 8s., to which he had been condemned in his absence, and he was carried straight off to Pentonville Prison to serve a sentence of twenty-five days' imprisonment in default.

He came out of prison on February 17th to find that all relief had been refused to his wife, as she was now occupying a furnished apartment. Unable for the time to obtain the money due to her from his pension, she had neither food nor fire. A grateful country had left her little but her eyes to weep with. And they are nearly worn out with her weeping.

We at once took steps to relieve their immediate distress and enable him to return to hospital for an operation necessary to his injured limb.

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"The Greatest of These——"

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(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

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Her Poor Relations.

"UNTIL 1919 I was commanding the —— Brigade in France, having been in the army since 1893. Though a man of 45, I had never thought of marriage, but, on returning from my command, I met a very pretty girl who was my social inferior. She herself is charming and the equal of any woman in my own set.

"Unfortunately, wives have relatives! I find myself related to people who are charwomen, out of work carmen, washerwomen, etc.

"I wouldn't mind so much, for I have a sense of humour, but my wife insists upon her disreputable relations calling, and as I have some sort of social position (I have an income of £2,000-£3,000 a year) I find it very trying.

"I am gradually losing my friends, and when I speak to my wife about the matter she bursts into tears and is ill for days. I love her very dearly, but this is getting on my nerves."

"Humanist" says:—*Put your foot down, in spite of the tears. Even if her relations are Vere de Veres, you have the right to say that they are not welcome to your house. You have the same rights as the poorest man. Relations are apt to be a nuisance.*

Love or Duty.

"TEN years ago (I was then 19 years of age) I was left with eight little brothers and sisters, the youngest a tiny baby of six months, to 'mother' and bring up. Father seemed helpless, the children required so much attention, so, as time wore on, the man I was engaged to found himself neglected, and our wedding day seemed further off than ever.

"Last Friday he came to me with the news that he had been offered a good post abroad, and that he wanted to take me with him. He sails in six weeks. Some of the children have good situations, and the eldest girl next to me is not in the mind to come back home and fill my place.

"Day and night I am wrestling with myself twixt love and duty. Should I seek my own happiness by leaving father and the younger children, or should I stay at home and fulfil my promise to mother."

"Humanist" says:—*You are 20, and I think your duty is to marry. Nobody has any right to demand the sacrifice of your life.*

A Sister in Revolt.

"SOME years ago I lost all my money in a Loan Bank smash. I went to Canada and built up a small fortune, and came back here to settle down with my sister, who is a brilliant musician.

"I find, however, that 'settling down' is a misnomer. She is younger than I, and insists upon my going to theatres and race meetings—neither of which interest me. Unfortunately, I made over about £8,000 to her when we came back, about half my money, on the understanding that she was not going to get married without my consent.

"She is now engaged to an utter rotter, and repudiates any arrangement we have made, saying that it is not in the deed of gift. This simply means that my money will go to this bounder."

"Humanist" says:—*You cannot prevent her marriage or get back the money. If you go to law, you'll both go broke. Grin and bear it. Lots of people are existing with less than you have.*

Family's Religious War.

"MY uncle, who is a Protestant, was married to a Catholic in the latter's church. They have had a boy and a girl of the marriage.

"On the mother's insistence, the boy was brought up in the Catholic faith, but the father is now very anxious that his little girl should be made Protestant. His wife strongly objects, with the result that they have separated, the father taking the girl and the mother the boy.

"This has caused considerable sorrow to all concerned. Are they both justified in the course they have pursued, or, if not, who should give way?"

"Humanist" says:—*I am not sure of the legal aspect, but I think your uncle had better see your aunt's priest—the R.C. priests are very reasonable people—and he may be able to do something to end this situation.*

A Jonah's Amazing Record.

"AT the age of seventeen I took my first trip to sea.

"On that first trip, while anchored in the Seine, we were rammed by a French vessel. I just managed to save my gear. On my return to England while crossing the Bay of Biscay, the seas smashed my cabin (a temporary affair aft) to matchwood. Nearly smashed me as well. Result: six weeks in Seamen's Hospital, Lisbon.

"I returned to England by R.M.S.P. from Lisbon, and when entering the Mersey at night, I was thrown from my berth and injured my ribs.

"On my recovery I again sailed for South Africa and contracted fever on the voyage, arriving at the Cape more dead than alive. On my way home fire broke out and we had to use a condenser for drinking purposes.

"I should be interested to know if, in your wide and varied experience, you have encountered many others like myself, and if you think it is all pure coincidence."

"Humanist" says: *An interesting story, and I have met people who had had similar experiences. Still I would not be influenced by such events. You may never have further trouble.*

Victim of Bigamy.

"I AM an orphan, my father, a medical man, having died when I was a child. While visiting friends, I met a man considerably older than myself at a dance. After a year's acquaintance we were married. The war ruined his business, and when the crash came I discovered that he had been married before and that his wife was still living.

"She charged him with bigamy and I had the ordeal of appearing at the Old Bailey. Now I am left penniless, with two children to support, and am trying to obtain a post as house-keeper or companion, for I am well educated, capable and musical. A friend will look after the children, but she is not well off, and I want to earn something towards the little ones' upkeep. Can you suggest something?"

"Humanist" says: *This is for the help that kind readers sometimes give to people who, through no fault of their own, are "up against it."*

Love That Lasted.

"I AM a Swiss woman. When a young girl I lost my mother and was brought up in England by my aunt. I remained in England until eighteen years of age, during which time I met the man I love. I was compelled to return to my father in Switzerland, who, on learning of my lover, forbade me to correspond with him. I learnt, through my aunt, that he had sailed to Australia to make his way.

"When I was twenty-two years old, my father arranged a marriage for me, and I had to marry the man of his choice. I told my husband that I could never love him, but he was always very kind to me. I became the mother of two boys after two years of married life.

"My father died just after the birth of the first, and my husband died just before the birth of the second. Being young and determined, I returned to England and set up a small business with the little money I had. I was successful for a time and then began to fail.

"A gentleman whom my aunt knew, and who had shown me rather marked attentions, offered me marriage. For my boys' sakes I accepted and became engaged.

"Throughout I had heard nothing from my lover in Australia. Now he has written, having heard of my father's and husband's death and discovered my whereabouts. He says he will be on his way to England as I read his letter. He is an honourable man, I know, and will insist on my honouring my present engagement. What can I do?"

"Humanist" says:—*This is largely a matter for adjustment between the three of you. It would be unjust to yourself and the others if you married a man you did not love.*

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You can feel this take hold instantly, soothing and healing the membrances in all the air passages. Breathing becomes easy, clogged nostrils open right up, the cough stops, and the tightness across the chest will soon cease. It is splendid, too, for bronchial asthma, hoarseness, or throat troubles.

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PARMINT for Coughs

Sports and by ROWLEY

LINCOLN NOTES — THE CALCUTTA SWEEP — CAPTAIN CUTTLE'S RETURN

I give below a brief note of the most prominent Lincolnshire horses.

Roman Bachelor is held by Monarch on their last year's running.

Seldemia, very fast, has won over a mile in Ireland, but I cannot see him winning here.

Port Royal is Gilpin, the trainer's, tip. He says that this horse represents Irish Belfry at 7.5, and there "would be no betting" about the latter at that weight. I for one would not back Irish Belfry over a sharp mile at that or any other weight.

Monarch is fit and fancied, and of late has taken a healthy position in the market. This one has been my favourite from the first.

Psychology has been asked a big question and has acquitted himself well. This horse should not be left out.

Dry Toast is a tremendously improved horse and was expected to run well in last year's Derby. He may be the surprise packet. He is extraordinarliy fit.

Tons of Money "treated Clochnaben like a hack." I don't think Clochnaben is very much better. People who back Tons of Money ought to have their heads shaved.

Royal Alarm is an excellent miler, but needs a stiffer mile than this. He is generally out of it in the first few furlongs and comes with a rattle at the finish. An ideal horse for the Rowley Mile. He has been well backed.

From this little lot the winner should come, and I take Psychology and Monarch as the best. If there is an eleventh hour move for Psychology, I shall certainly desert

MONARCH.

I WAS at Cheltenham on the Sunday before racing, and had a walk over the course. The Cheltenham executive are to be congratulated on one of the finest courses in the country. In all ways it is superior to Aintree from the spectators' point of view even if the course is not as trying. By the way, the great local tip for the race was Lilybank, the property of Major Cayzer, a great point to point performer.

The Calcutta Bleat.

The Calcutta Club have given the usual solemn notice and warning that tickets may now be obtained only through members, and they do not desire outsiders' money, and that tickets are going to be more difficult than ever to obtain, etcetera. I cannot remember a year when this rigmarole wasn't solemnly circulated. What is the truth? Without the outsiders' money the sweep would offer small prizes, and if small prizes were offered . . . good-bye, Calcutta Sweep, as an attraction!

The Gentle Grafter.

What an extraordinary fellow P. C. Barrie is! I've had several conversations with him since he has been contributing the reminiscences of his swindles on the turf, and a more cheery devil it would be impossible to meet. Incidentally, he has told me things that the law of libel alone prevents me from telling.

And His Tip.

He is what I would describe as a "straight grafter," the sort of man who would not let down a friend or let up an enemy. His knowledge of horses is phenomenal. He gave me a list of those that would fall at Aintree (he has ridden over the country), and has bet me a tenner that none of them will stand up. And there are a few fancied ones amongst them, including Arruvale!

He Never Backs Horses.

"If Captain Dewhurst would stand down and let a professional ride, Conjuror II would walk home," is his view, and he considers Sergeant Murphy each way a good bet. Barrie does not back horses, curiously enough, and he reckons that any punter who has more than one bet a fortnight is not quite right in his head! Nevertheless, he has told me a few winners.

Two Winners in One Race.

Tom Coulthwaite won the National Hunt Steeplechase twice. Once on the course and once in the "objection room." Bravo, Tom! What a pity there wasn't a third horse from Hednesford to object to them both.

Sport of Gents.

"Thank God," said a punter at Hurst Park, "that this sport of gentlemen is nearing an end. On the flat there are generally three triers in a race, but over the sticks it's even money against there being any!"

A Dear Half.

I had a half-share in a good steeplechaser offered to me for nothing last week. All that I had to do was to pay his vet and training bill, his entries and travelling expenses, jockey's fees and a few other items. After reckoning up the cost I came to the conclusion that it would be cheaper to back him when he was trying, and let somebody else do the keeping. You can't wonder that National Hunt owners "fiddle" their horses, when you realise the heavy cost of keeping them in training.

Fly Mask.

The failure of Fly Mask or of any other horse at Cheltenham or elsewhere does not necessarily imply his inability to get the Aintree course; and I do hope that people who have got fancies for Fly Mask, Sergeant Murphy, or even Turkey Buzzard, are not going to be put off by their paltry exhibitions at park courses. Fly Mask is the biggest of all the National tips. They say that he is walking over for the National, just as they say that Psychology is walking over for the Lincolnshire, and certainly it has been given about that Fly Mask is Tom Coulthwaite's best. I should very much doubt that.

Captain Cuttle's Return.

It is very good news that Captain Cuttle will race again. This horse is a remarkable chap, very much like his sire in constitution, but a cut above Hurry On in class. Darling has had a tremendous lot of trouble with him. When I saw him at Goodwood, last year, I shared the opinion, which was freely expressed by some very knowledgable people, that this horse would never race again. Happily that is not the case, and it is quite on the cards that we shall see Captain Cuttle winning the Eclipse Stakes—to say nothing of the Ascot Gold Cup.

Victor Smyth.

I am delighted to learn that that most excellent horseman and jockey (the terms are not synonymous), Victor Smyth, will be riding early on. He has not quite recovered from the savaging to which he was subjected by a lunatic horse last backend, but he is able to use his hands. Smyth is one of the most capable jockeys riding to-day, and I would as soon have him in a tight finish as I would have Donoghue or Carslake. By the way, I have not observed that the brute whose madness brought about these terrible injuries to Smyth has been warned off. I respectfully suggest to the Jockey Club that no savage horse should be given a second bite.

•

SELECTIONS.

WYE (WEDNESDAY).

2. 0 Dinant (Colymbus, Penserosa).
2.30 Rasburn's Glass (Tim).
3. 0 Hampstead Heath (King George, Narcosh).
3.30 Greenmount (Victor Noir, Lovely Bird).
4. 0 Leonetis (Dundonald).
4.30 Slippery Stone (Nichivo, Archie's Girl).

SANDOWN PARK (THURSDAY).

1.45 Challow (Petty Cury, Woodchurch).
2.15 Daydawn (Ashwood, Templebar)
2.45 Marchesi (Chicago, Yorick).
3.15 Devenport (What Luck, Beggar's End).
3.45 North Waltham (Bucksie, Another Attraction).
4.15 Charlie Wise (Polish Prince, Mr. Madcap).

SANDOWN PARK (FRIDAY).

1.45 Playful (Colymbus, Girvan).
2.15 Serabo* (Serban, Pride of Manister).
2.55 Clashing Arms (Culprit, Pay Only).
3.25 Cenagus (Southern Gleam, Pinwinder).
3.55 Hilcock (Hortensio II.)
4.25 Tomahawk (Celtic Mist, Arlington).

SANDOWN PARK (SATURDAY).

1.45 Warwick (King George, Polytart).
2.15 Serban (Antipater, Craggie Rock).
2.45 Delirium* (Serabo, South Lodge).
3.25 Sun Charmer (Flaming Sword, Bucksie).
3.55 Greenhurst (Scarlet Monk).
4.25 Sexual (Baby Dear).

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Francis Joseph, quite one of the smartest of the older brigade of "sprinters," is being rattled along as if he will be wanted early.

• • •

Holy Friar is about the pick of De Mestre's three-year-olds. He shapes like a stayer.

• • •

Canterbury has undergone an operation since last season. It is believed this will have a sobering effect, and the colt is thought a lot of by his trainer.

• • •

Legend did not altogether live up to his home reputation last season, but since joining Bell's string he has done uncommonly well, and great things are expected of him this year.

• • •

Mr. Anthony de Rothschild has a nice sort of colt in Philter, who is likely to carry with credit the colours which his sire, St. Amant, did so much to make famous.

• • •

Asked what he fancied for the Grand National, a trainer who has himself ridden more than one "Liverpool" winner, replied "Forewarned; but not so much the horse as his jockey." This is a compliment of which Jack Anthony may well be proud.

• • •

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MR. R. J. DUGGAN, 38, Dame Street, Dublin, announces that the Grand National Sweep in aid of the Holles Street Cancer Hospital (tickets 10/-) has been organised solely by him.

He furthermore wishes to point out that not only is this Sweep Sanctioned by the Irish Government, but it is the ONLY Sweep for which the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Dublin holds the Prize Money and will personally supervise the draw at the Mansion House.

Sportsmen MILE

SOME JUMPERS—INTERNATIONAL CHANGES—WEMBLEY READY—WHO'S FOR PROMOTION?

Re-Echo.

Amongst my horses to follow during the year I shall undoubtedly place Re-Echo. This is more than a useful one, and my own opinion is that, but for his bad start in the Derby, he would have been in the fighting at the finish. There are very knowledgeable people who place Re-Echo amongst the three best of the year.

Don't Write to Me.

This is the last week of the Duggan Grand National Sweep, and will readers kindly refrain from sending money to me? Duggan's address is printed in an advertisement on this page.

Hard Trained.

There are a few horses that have been doing extraordinarily strong preparations for the forthcoming flat season. Next week I shall print a list of them for the information of my readers.

JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

Flaming Sword.—Although this horse enjoys the reputation of being uncertain, he struggled as gamely as possible against Ulster Division at Gatwick. A repetition of that form should see him first past the post next time out.

Delirium.—When successful at Ludlow a month ago—and incidentally bringing off a 10 to 1 chance for us—this horse was thought to be short of a gallop or two. He has done well in the meantime, and may win again shortly.

Sun Charmer.—Trained in a stable which makes few mistakes, this colt has the reputation of being a high-class "timber-topper." He must not be missed.

Ardoon.—Although not an animal of high rank, this old chaser is very fit and well at the present time, and is considered likely to win a race in moderate company.

Bright Orb.—Up to the present this horse has been a source of disappointment this season. He has been going so well at exercise of late, however, that hopes are entertained that he may yet earn brackets.

Shippon.—This horse won with literally a "ton" in hand at Derby a fortnight ago. As he both stays and jumps well, there may be further victories in store.

Culprit.—When the property of Lord Woolavington, this horse enjoyed an unenviable reputation as an uncertain jumper. Since joining Chadwick's string, however, he has improved in this respect, and is worth watching.

Rinon.—But for being interfered with at the last hurdle, this mare would have finished second to Boddam at Plumpton, and she may win another race before the jumping season is over.

Merry Lad.—This horse, who has been indulged with a nice rest, is moving in his very best form again, and should on no account be missed when his day arrives.

BOXING POINTS.

Wilde and Villa.

PANCHO VILLA'S defeat at the hands of the Italian Genaro has evidently not affected his match with Wilde, for the pair will meet in their 15-rounds contests for the World's Championship some time in June. The fact that the bout is not scheduled for the full championship course of 20 rounds is a point in favour of the Welshman, whose stamina cannot be of the best after his two and a half years' absence from the ring.

GOOD sportsmanship and impartiality have not grown with the progress of soccer in Wales. I can make every allowance for the national fervour of the average Taffy, but the Cardiff crowd has got on my nerves more than once. Some of the Welsh spectators obviously require an extension of their football education; their present opinions on the off-side rule and the fair shoulder charge are crude, to say the least of it. It is not a good advertisement for Cardiff when you hear of well-known players saying they detest the place, and I question if Arthur Grimsdell spends his holidays there. The local crowd make a mark of England's captain. Why?

New Wing Wanted.

Neither the English nor Scottish F.A. is satisfied with the national elevens as they stood after the matches with Wales and Ireland, and I am prepared for changes when the selection of the elevens is necessary for the Anglo-Scot tussle at Hampden Park next month. England, I think, will return to Frank Moss for the right-half position, and we may see Mercer playing in front of him. I have not seen this clever winger lately, but I gather he is back to his best form, which is good enough for anybody. The retention of Watson at centre-forward seems certain; the West Ham leader has fulfilled all that I forecasted early in the season.

Soccer's Old Bailey.

I hear some startling evidence will be offered to the commission which is to enquire into a two-year-old league match, but how much of it will be accepted is another matter. It says a lot for the grip the authorities have on the game when an almost forgotten result is to be gone into. The criminal sheet of professional football is quite as clean as one could expect when the temptations are considered, but when the prosecution has in the past been successful, the sentences have been adequate. We have not yet forgotten the banishment of eight players which followed an "arranged" match a few years ago.

FORECASTS FOR MARCH 17.

(Nap Selections in Black Type).

HOME WINNERS.

Arsenal, Blackburn, **Huddersfield**, Cardiff, W. Bromwich, Sunderland, Barnsley, Blackpool, Palace, **Derby C.**, Fulham, Leicester, Notts C., Wednesday, Southampton, Brentford, Charlton, Northampton, **Plymouth**, Reading, Halifax, Darlington, Nelson, Stalybridge, Wrexham, Celtic, Hibernians, Kilmarnock, Rangers, Third Lanark, Morton.

AWAY WINNERS.

Aston Villa, **Sheffield U.**, Spurs, W. Ham, Bristol C., Queen's Park Rangers, Walsall, Bradford, St. Mirren.

DRAWS.

Bolton v. Newcastle, **Manchester C. v. Liverpool**, Bradford C. v. Manchester U., Bristol R. v. Brighton, Exeter v. Millwall, Merthyr v. Luton, Watford v. Swansea, Hartlepools v. Wigan, Lincoln v. Chesterfield, Southport v. Accrington, Hamilton A. v. Raith R.

SUGGESTED COUPS.

3 Aways: Spurs, W. Ham, Bristol C.

3 Draws: Bristol R. v. Brighton; Exeter v. Millwall; Watford v. Swansea.

3 Home: Arsenal, Huddersfield, W. Bromwich, Leicester, Notts C., Darlington, Nelson, Rangers.

2 Home, 2 Away: Plymouth, Hibernians, Rangers, Spurs, Bristol C.

1 Home, 1 Away, 1 Draw: Notts C., Bristol C., Exeter v. Millwall.

Pulls His Weight.

In the publicity of Sunderland, Hawes, the inside-left, has not had his full share. Charlie Buchan, of course, simply invites write-ups, but Hawes has done more than his share in the Wearsiders' quest for the League Championship. The old Norwich City boy is an artistic dribbler, is a clever purveyor of passes, and has a powerful shot in both of his boots. Sunderland have made a few bad bargains in their time, but Hawes is not one of them.

A Wanderer.

Toms, who is now Coventry City's leading goal scorer, has gone the rounds more than most players. He was an officer in the army when he got his first show with Southport, and before going to Lady Godiva's town, he had a look at Manchester United, Plymouth Argyle and Oldham Athletic. None of these clubs exactly locked Toms up in the safe, but he has found his proper niche at last, for he is of the type which is permanently useful to a Second Division club.

Jerry Drops Out.

One or two famous goalkeepers have dropped out of first teams lately, among them Jerry Dawson, who has been Burnley's regular figure between the posts much longer than his youthful appearance would suggest. Only last season Dawson held the English fort against both Scotland and Ireland, so if his decline is genuine, it must have come suddenly.

STAR OF THE ORIENT.

SECOND DIVISION players have to fight hard for international representation, so you can bet Owen Williams has deserved his place in the English team this season. The Clapton Orient officials had a real shock when Williams was first chosen, although they had no two opinions about his genius.

Owen Williams.

Williams was discovered on Wearside by Manchester United who made a real mess of things when they transferred him to London. He soon became the star performer of the side, even if for long evading other than local fame.

Speed is essential to a wing forward, and Owen is a real flier. He can clean up most of the track sprinters and, what is more important, he is terribly fast with the ball. But he does not rely on pace altogether. He has perhaps the most dangerous cut-in of any modern winger, and if there is a fault in his shooting, it is that he is a little too fond of having a "go."

Add to Williams a delightful swerve and a full control of his centres, and you have the fully equipped outside-forward.

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Our Letter Parliament

Wherein Our Readers Air Their Views

What are Their Salaries?

I would like to see given in Parliament an explanation of the following Extracts from Whitaker's Almanack.—"*Cabinet Secretariat*"—Asst. Sec., R. B. Howorth (seconded from Treasury); Asst. Sec., C. H. Tufton (seconded from Foreign Office). Salaries: each £1,120. *Treasury*—Asst. Sec., R. B. Howorth. £1,000—£1,200. *Foreign Office*—Counsellor, C. H. Tufton, £1,000—£1,200. Now, are these gentlemen receiving two salaries or only one; and if the latter, how much?—*J. Quartly Carter, Portishead House, Portishead.*

Innocence or Ignorance?

That once-fetching head-line, "Should girls be told?" continues intermittently to bob up in all sorts of regenerate and degenerate forms. A very popular author in a book on "Motherhood" exhorts us to "tell" not only girls in their 'teens, but prattling toddlers. She bids us discard the stork story for the stark truth. I submit this is mischievous rot, and only shows that people with noses glued to the gross physical side of life cannot appreciate the need for the subjection of that side if the delicate beauty at the other sides of the polygon of human relationships is to be maintained and developed.—"*Look Up,*" *Llwynypia, Glam.*

Children Who Buy Beer.

A child under fourteen can buy a pint, or three-gill, bottle of beer or stout, but not a gill bottle. This is a most ridiculous law, as the gill bottle contains a cork, and a corkscrew as well as a fair amount of strength is needed to extract it. The larger bottles, however, are merely bottled with a screw stopper which any child can remove. As they have (or should have) a gummed band over the stopper, they are considered "Sealed" and therefore legally fit to be entrusted to children under fourteen. Reform is needed here.—*M. Best*, 81, *Hartington Street, Moss Side, Manchester.*

Tainting Our Blood and Reputation.

What is the standard of British morality when English women in London publicly kiss and fondle yellow degenerates under deportation orders; when Hull girls are willing to sell their bodies and souls to degraded foreign seamen, and owners of houses in that city make the vice a source of profit; when white women in Liverpool openly consort with yellow men and black and show no shame; when in Glasgow there are white women who prefer black men to white men? And down in the depths of some foreign ships in British ports, there take place incredibly wicked scenes in which white girls have a part. Cannot something be done to save our reputation?—"*J.O.L.E.*," *Birmingham.*

Clearing Out the Cheap-Jacks.

There is a job on now for the easy-going county police. Our country districts are being invaded by cheap-jacks or "swag" jewellers of a particularly vile type. Business is dull in their city haunts, and owing to trade depression and high rail fares our country cousins are staying at home, but these "fly" gentry, believing in the old saying anent Mahomet and the mountain, have migrated to the rural districts, there to practise their wicked deception upon the unsuspecting and simple country folk. The "lots" offered are of a trumpery nature, but with them these glib-tongued tricksters succeed in fleecing their hearers. It is really a thinly disguised confidence trick obvious to any keen observer. They should be cleared out.—"*Chasm,*" *Dumfries.*

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited: 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Sweet Opportunity.

Britain has the most suitable land for sugar beet growing on the numerous sewage farms which have proved capable of producing more beet per acre with a higher sugar content than anywhere on the Continent. Yet we are content to import nearly all our sugar, 1,800,000 tons per annum. If we produced that amount here we would require about 400 factories for refining and would employ directly and indirectly about 300,000 people as well as retaining in this country a sum of £30,000,000 per annum. Why not get on with it?—*Refinery, Biggleswade.*

Sport or Cruelty.

The Waterloo Cup, "the Greyhounds' Derby," beats cockfighting for cruelty, and is the most one-sided and pitiful exhibition of so-called sport in England. The sight of the hare running away from certain death is sickening to people who believe in real sport. Bare knuckle prize-fights, cock fights and bull fights are barred in England on the score of cruelty, yet the first-named two are man to man and bird to bird. The bull's chance of life in a bull-fight is nil, but he is able to, and at times, does kill some of his tormentors before going under. What chance has a hare got to fight for life?—*Norman Buchanan*, 3, *Kingsfield Terrace, Dartford, Kent.*

"Coppers" in Disguise.

Since the war, owing to the fact that many policemen were in the Army and Navy, the service uniform disguise is frequently used by the Law for the purpose of watching public-houses for illicit sales. The resultant harvest of cases may satisfy the powers that the ends justify the means. What of the soldiers and sailors who are impersonated? A smart-looking observant sailor, built on police lines, quite innocent of any connection with the Law, enters one of the houses recently "Caught." He quickly feels the "Cold," and wonders why he is viewed with suspicion. If the police must use disguise, let them disguise themselves as ordinary civilians.—*E. Candell*, 17, *Ditchling Road, Brighton.*

The Sugar Puzzle.

It is expected that a penny will soon be taken off the sugar tax. At least, it is being hinted at. We are pleased to hear it. But why does the grocer at once put an *extra penny* on to the price of sugar per lb.? He talks about "the Americans cornering the market," and a "sugar shortage," and so on, but the fact remains that, we, the housekeepers, shall be paying exactly the same price *after* the reduced taxation as before. Therefore, who will benefit by it? Certainly not the poor consumer.—(*Mrs.*) *A. M. Aedy, The Retreat, Chipperfield, Herts.*

Brightening Britain.

You can help to do this by doing your best to put an end to conditions which cause misery. Tell us about them. Let us hear of the most emotional tragedies of human life you know, and you'll be doing your bit.

Don't deal with politics, but tell us something you know something about, and we'll tell others.

Shot Firing in Coal-mines.

Inquiries ought at once to be made into the matter of shot-firing in coalmines. Fortunately the death roll in the last two or three explosions (due presumably to shot-firing) has not been heavy, but this is largely a matter of luck. Now any person 25 years of age and possessing a prescribed certificate (theory), however inexperienced, may be, and too often is, employed in the highly responsible position of shot-firer, examiner or deputy. Such responsibility should not, I think, be given to persons with less than ten years practical mining experience.—*Old Miner.*

Unwanted Babies.

Which is the greater evil, the birth of undesirables or the suppression of the desirables? I know a woman who about a year after her marriage became very poor, but not knowing Marie Stopes' methods, had five children, not one afflicted in any way. Early in life they began to earn a little money and help their parents. The eldest child (the only one she wanted) was the least clever, the third became a school-mistress and the fourth was the cleverest boy in his class. The last she nearly killed before he was born, endangering her life at the same time. Yet he became her favourite son. Now one of the girls is the mother of five children, but the other announced her intention when she married of only having one. That one is a beautiful child. How many more beautiful children might she not have had? She "can't afford more," she says, but she can afford to give that poor child who pines for a brother or sister unnecessarily expensive toys!—*M. F. Francis, Gladstone Road, Watford.*

The Mother He Leaves Behind.

I see there is a suggestion in Australia for the Government of that up-to-date State to give bonuses to Australian mothers on the occasion of additions to their families. If this movement materialises, would it not be just for a similar donation to be made to each of the mothers of all young boys who emigrate to that land from England? The authorities of the Southern Colony show they are anxious to add to their population by all possible means, and among their schemes is that of drawing boys from the homeland. The rearing of these youngsters requires care and expense from their parents at home. If the mothers of Australia are deserving of payment, are not the mothers in England worthy of a bonus to a still greater degree?—*James West, Bradford.*

Reared to Debauchery.

Few people realise on reading in their paper about prosecutions for keeping disorderly houses the number of young children who are living in these dens of vice. In a very recent case an Italian was fined for running one of these brothels. A child, not yet 14 years of age, a daughter of this Italian, is employed to do the work of chambermaid under the supervision of this Italian's wife. This child waits upon couples, goes into the rooms with anything they may require in the hope of getting a few coppers. This child is allowed to see couples under most degrading circumstances. I leave the after-effects of all this revolting life on a child's mind to the imagination of all clean-minded people. It is the duty of the police to state to the magistrates that the people running these dens of infamy also employ their own children to cater for their clients. What is the use of small fines.—*Herbert J. Bliss*, 53, *Jocelyn Road, Fulham.*

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WE help ambitious men to get quicker promotion. Hundreds of hard-working men are now in offices where promotion to higher positions and increased salaries is a slow business. You may be one of these men. If you feel that you are capable of bigger things, want wider scope, that you could be worth higher pay than you are now getting if you had your chance—if you feel this, we can help you. No need for you to throw up your present job. You can stay safely in your present position until we have introduced you to better paid work. It depends on you. In less than a year you may be in a position at *double* your present salary, and with splendid prospects in front of you. The highly-paid positions to-day are held by men trained in Salesmanship. They are paid highly because the firms they represent are dependent on them. As a trained salesman your prospects are as big as you care to make them. Recognition of your work comes quickly because you are *essential* to the firm employing you. We can train you to become a well-paid salesman. Amongst men recently placed one started at £7 per week. He had no previous experience, but the firm in question took him because of his training in the Thomas Russell Course of Scientific Salesmanship. The Course is under the direction of the Vice-Chairman of the British Sales Managers' Association, and gives a thorough and exhaustive training in the vocation of Salesmanship. When trained, we introduce you to a good position. We have introduced hundreds of men to better-paid positions, and there is no reason why you should not be equally successful after taking the Course. All that is needed is ambition, steady application to the Course, and the will to fit yourself for something bigger than you are doing now.

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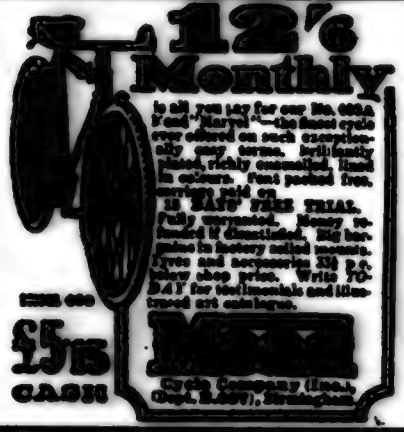

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DISSENTIENT (Manchester).—"I regret I cannot agree with you." You are quite right in regretting it.

NO SCHOLAR (Looe).—"What does 'tempus fugit' mean? It means: "Hurry up; it's nearly closing time."

P. C. (Brentford).—"A policeman's life is really one of vegetation." Why—because they're always on their beets?

MODEST (Bramham).—"I know I am not so clever as most people." You are the only person in the world who knows that.

CARROTS (Summerstown). — "The colour of my hair is my greatest trial." Then you're a very fortunate young woman.

FREAK (Birmingham).—"I have six fingers on each hand: is this of any practical advantage?" Yes, for a potman.

A. B. C. (Tenby).—"What do you think of a man who wears corsets?" Well, of course it's rather stupid, and no staid man would do it.

TORTURED (Kensal Rise).—"Is the habit of incessantly humming to oneself an indication of incipient insanity?" No, merely vacuity, as a rule.

INCREDULOUS (Slough).—"I never believe anything I see in print." Well, here's something you can start in on—you're a stupid old unbeliever.

CONSTANT READER (Bow).—"How far would a hundred pennies go, stretched in a line?" We stretch many points on this page, but we have never heard of stretching a penny.

R. C. (Tooting).—"What is the meaning of this suburb's name?" To "toot" is "to make short, unmusical sounds on a flute or horn." We hope there's nothing like this about Tooting.

OBIIT (Stamford Hill).—"A boy smashed two of my windows last week, playing football." A painful occurrence. By the way, has your pen-name any sinister significance?

NO MAIDS (Kensington).—"Why not conscript women for domestic service?" One reason is, that the unwilling servant has too many opportunities of getting her own back on her employer.

WELL INTENTIONED (Evesham).—"I try to go straight, but my feet are always straying." Let your motto be, in the words of the poet: "I am the master of my feet, I am the captain of my sole."

SUCCESSFUL (Clapham). — "Ever since I won a big prize, I have been bombarded with begging letters. Ought I to take any notice of them?" Better not. The administration of charity is best done through such funds as "The Greatest of These."

FARMER (Market Harborough).—"I don't like this paper money." Send it along to us, old man.

MOP (Canonbury).—"I can never keep a parting in my hair." Partings are always trying things.

SHINY (Aldford).—"Does baldness indicate the presence of brains?" No; merely the absence of hair.

THRICE WED (Baron's Court).—"The more I get married, the better I like it." Apparently it is becoming a habit with you.

PISCATORIAL (Sheerness).—"Do fish suffer from disease?" They must do, or why should haddocks have to be cured?

DANIEL (Marlow).—"The refusal to say 'No' has ruined many promising young lives." So has agreeing to say "Yes."

DUNCAN (Perth).—"English is a word that should never be used to describe British achievement." Sandy, somebody else said it first.

FASHIONS (Hackney).—"I wish we could go back to the days of the crinoline." Do you ever travel on the City and South London?

HARRY (Swindon). — "There is so much dishonesty in racing that it should be abolished." Would you abolish business for the same reason?

NEW JERUSALEM (Maidenhead).—"A new order of things will shortly be inaugurated." Noted. JOHN BULL will continue, as now, its policy of helpful criticism.

F. A. J. (Torquay).—"I think cremation is much nicer than ordinary burial, don't you?" The subject is one to which we have never given very grave thought.

BRIMSTONE (Keighley).—"Everlasting hell is a doctrine which nobody should lose sight of." It is also a place of which, if it exists, a great many believers in it will never lose sight.

PAINED (Stockton).—"It hurt me to read what you said about what I said." It hurts us far more to read your remarks about our remarks concerning your remarks. (This correspondence must now close).

SLOW MUSIC (Willesden).—"The death knell of the present Government has sounded." It won't necessarily die, though. We sounded the death knell of a specially noisy cat nine months ago, but he's still going strong.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

GEORGE (Leytonstone).—"My hobby is birds." Tut tut!

ELECTOR (Mitcham).—"What do you think of Labour now?" Just the same as we always did.

DIALECTICIAN (Hove).—"Where can one obtain authoritative dicta on English pronunciation?" 93, Long Acre.

M. Y. (Newark).—"I suppose there will be another General Election soon." Not if the Tories pull their socks up.

R. T. (Glasgow).—"Take it from me, Labour's day is coming." Let's hope it's a fine one, then we shall all be happy.

HAPPY MAN (Esher).—"This is the best of all possible worlds." Yours is certainly the best possible attitude towards it.

W. P. (Manchester).—"Isn't it time we had the penny post back again?" It is time and a half, as the printers say on overtime.

MRS. K. L. (Hitchin).—"I had a queer dream the other night; can you interpret it for me?" Not till we know what it was.

T. Y. (Chichester).—"Have any of your readers heard the cuckoo this year yet?" If so they have not mentioned it to us.

W. T. (Littlehampton).—"There are some words that you can't find a rhyme to—'silver,' for instance." Never mind, sonny; it's a decent world on the whole.

INTROSPECTIVE (Widnes).—"It must be great fun to be marooned on a desert island." If only certain politicians shared your view, we'd be happy to oblige 'em.

M. A. R. (Selkirk). — "What are onomatopœic words?" Words formed so as to represent the sound of the things of which they are the names; such as "cuckoo."

J. J. M. (Tufnell Park).—"Does the moon affect men's minds?" Undoubtedly. On a summer evening, the moon is responsible for a whole lot of idiocy.

A. T. (Leeds).—"Just to settle an argument, please inform me which is the best paid job in the world." As compared with the work turned out our office boy modestly prefers his claim to the honour.

BOARDER (Bayswater).—"How can I persuade a man at this boarding-house to stop playing the flute every night till twelve?" Have a post-card delivered by the last post every evening, with the inscription, "Morpheus, not Orpheus."

OPPORTUNIST (Bedford). — "Surely lectures on such topics as drink, immorality and gambling might be broadcasted with advantage?" With advantage to lecturers—yes. No radio fan, however, would fall with such an abuse of his hobby.

GEORGE (Luton).—"Nobody ever leaves me any money." Don't grumble, George. Send in a good "Bullet" this week and the postman may leave you £500.

P. A. (Richmond).—"I believe that office boy of yours is a myth." Wait till you see him eat.

G. G. (Birkenhead).—"The country has not done its duty by its fighting men." We agree; more's the pity.

L. A. (Camberwell).—"He's an ignorant blighter, but you can't tell him nothing that he don't think he knows." Not no flies on him nohow.

MRS. B. (Uxbridge).—"Speculation is fundamentally dishonest." Only when one loses. When one wins, it is "shrewd judgment and keen foresight."

T. B. H. (Seaford).—"A man should never be judged by his looks." A bit doubtful if you wrote "looks" or "cooks," but you're quite right.

AMY (Harlesden).—"My sweet hear has a very violent temper; what is the best cure for this?" Find another sweetheart.

FAMILY MAN (Hendon).—"The finest indoor game I know is tiddleywinks." Be careful, or riotous living will lure you into an early grave.

P. W. A. (Matlock).—"What is the meaning of 'utopian'?" A utopian man is one who advocates impracticable reforms. They all write to JOHN BULL.

APPALLED (Yalding).—"The world is daily growing wickeder and wickeder." Won't you folks have a thin time when it *can't* grow any wickeder?

A. B. (Dover).—"How many yards of stuff are there in a Highlander's kilt?" Not a bit more than is necessary for decency and comfort, you can bet your life.

G. H. (Bedford).—"We don't hear much about 'Put and Take' now." No; it was just a nine days' wonder, as the boy said when his father came home sober.

S. A. K. (Brighton).—"When life goes wrong and things look blue, JOHN BULL, old sport, I write to you." You shall be the next Poet Laureate if the choice rests with us.

P. W. W. (Sevenoaks).—"It's hard lines if you can't spend the last few years of your life in peace." Cheer up for Chatham; there's always JOHN BULL on Wednesdays.

MRS. GRUNDY (Eltham). — "It is education which is responsible for the present-day moral laxity." It is the lack of it which is responsible for such reactionary views as yours.

STUDIOUS (Haggerston).—"I have come to the conclusion that improper feeding is the cause of a lot of stomach trouble." And then they say we've no original thinkers!

NEUROPATH (Edgbaston).—"The influence of music on nervous subjects is very potent." The peripatetic noise which daily assails our ears would turn any subject into an object—of pity.

RUN IN (Blackpool).—"I may have been a bit muzzy, but I certainly wasn't sozzled." There is a certain obscurity about your verbiage. Do we understand you were arrested for intemperance?

VALLAMBROSA (Lincoln).—"If women continue to outnumber men, what will eventually happen?" (1) The Millennium; or (2) The destruction of civilisation. Take your choice, according to the point of view.

JOURNEY (Walsall).—"How do we compare with America in the matter of bad crimes like murder?" There is no comparison. In the past ten years 83,000 men and women have been murdered in the U.S.A. In one county of Illinois, 212 murders were committed last year. In Chicago there were 4,785 burglaries and 2,594 robberies. 90 per cent. of the murders were by shooting. There were 64 lynchings last year.

(Continued on page 26.)

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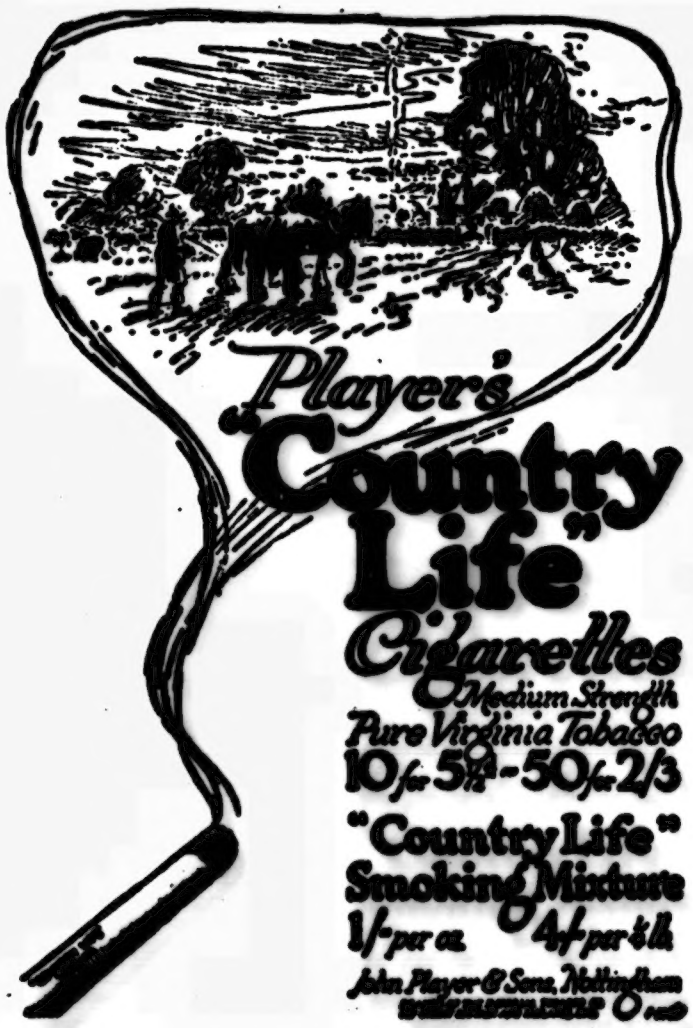

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We were the pioneers of sensible literature on sex questions, and these two volumes are the latest and most complete. No erotic effusions or sensationalism but "needful tuition given plainly and explicitly." (Vide *Nursing Notes.*)

The bedrock of human happiness and the foundation of civilisation is so obviously dependent upon healthy and wise marriage that it is madness to allow men and women to approach it in a spirit of ignorance.

Many attempts to open up the way for frank inquiry into the intricacies of married life have been opposed, with the result that people have been blundering on with eyes blindfolded. We now live in a different age, and the cry "give us light" is being raised by those troubled by Sex Problems and Perplexities.

The two new books by G. Courtenay Beale, M.A. (Oxon), Ph.D.,

WISE WEDLOCK (The Standard Volume on Birth Control) AND THE REALITIES OF MARRIAGE (A complete answer to Marital Problems)

6/9 each, post free, or the two vols. for 12/6,

cover the complete field, and will solve every difficulty likely to worry husbands and wives. No one who is married, or who contemplates marriage, can afford to be without them.

Send Now Cheque or P.O., and the books will reach you by return post.

HEALTH PROMOTION, LIMITED, Dept. 120, 19/21, Ludgate Hill, London.

DO YOU USE A GILLETTE BLADE?

If so you can get 6 months perfect shaving from the same blade if you use the

MONKEY STROP

Just drop in your blade—GILLETTE or ANY MAKE—a few turns of the handle puts a perfect "barber's" edge on both sides at once. Money back if dissatisfied.

REDUCED PRICE. De Luxe Model with Nickel-plated Case . . 5/6

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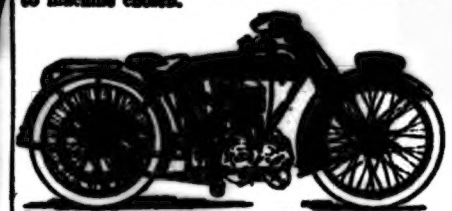

Send for our booklet "The Rideaway," which carefully explains this ultra modern 1923 system of arranged payments. Strictest Secrecy. Immediate delivery of all leading makes.

RIDEAWAY SALES, LTD., 5 Victoria St., London, S.W.

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Of course you clean your bath regularly and nothing helps you to do this so simply as Gre-Solvent.

But at spring-cleaning time you make a special effort. Inside and out, up round the taps, a good hard rub. Soon over with the help of Gre-Solvent and your bath looks like a new one.

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MILES AHEAD OF SOAP

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17/6 CARR. PAID. for only 9 DAYS MORE

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SPECIAL PRE-EASTER OFFER

For 30 days only we offered to sell the genuine Sartor Raincoat at 17/6, carriage paid in the British Isles. There are only 9 days left, so if you wish to take advantage of this special offer, and secure your Sartor for Easter, you must not delay.
Write at once for FREE PATTERNS, Style Book (Ladies', Gent.'s, Maids' and Youths'), and an accurate self-measurement form.
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SARTOR RAINCOATS are tailored by experts from fully proofed Gabardine, and warmly lined.
OUR GUARANTEE STILL HOLDS GOOD. We guarantee every Coat, and if you are not completely satisfied with your purchase we return your money in full. WRITE NOW.

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Get this Free Guide:

Write to-day for our 164-page beautifully illustrated FREE "GUIDE TO GARDEN WISDOM AND GUARANTEED GARDEN SEEDS", and make that Garden of yours as profitable and as lovely as the one you have so often admired. EVERY packet of Seeds ordered thence MUST GROW for you, too, or you will get it REPLACED FREELY. Send for the Free Guide to-day, addressing us personally:

TOOGOOD and SONS, LTD.,
Seedsmen to H.M. The King, and Growers of "Better Crops" Seeds only.
SOUTHAMPTON.

RHEUMATISM
CURED QUICKLY AND EFFECTIVELY.
A LIFE of PAIN and SLEEPLESS NIGHTS CURED when doctors had failed.

49, Eliza Street, Sheffield.

Dear Sir,—Just a few lines to let you know what Urace has done for me. I had no sleep for months, and doctors told me there was no cure. I saw your advertisement and tried your remedy; before I had taken Urace a fortnight I had sleep and rest, and was free from pain. Since taking Urace I have not lost one day's work through rheumatism.
I am never without a box in the house, and have recommended it to dozens of people in Sheffield.
Yours sincerely,
Mr. WILSON.

Scientists were years searching for a specific which would dissolve and drive Uric Acid from the system, and only recently a compound known to doctors and chemists as URACE was finally produced and brought to perfection.
URACE, and URACEaloze, can cure Rheumatism—nothing is more certain than that. It cures on a new and common-sense principle. It directly attacks the cause of Rheumatism—Uric Acid—dissolves and expels it from the system and prevents its reappearance. That is why it CURES and CURES QUICKLY

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From Boots (900 Branches), Timothy White Co., Taylor's, Sutcliffe's, Whiteley's, Harrods, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct for remittance from the URACE Laboratories, 75, Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C.1.

URACE TABLETS
THE ACKNOWLEDGED REMEDY FOR
Neuralgia Rheumatism Nerve Pains
Lumbago Cramp Kidney Troubles
Gout Backache Sciatica

JU-JU NIGERIAN MASCOT

Unsolicited Comments
MANUFACTURER—"Crisis safely passed."
CANDIDATE—"Successful."
STOCKBROKER—"Worth its weight in gold."
ACTRESS—"Made successful debut."
SPINSTER—"Now happily married."
JOCKEY—"Luck changed."

FOR LUCK The supreme secret that is bringing a change of luck to thousands. Why not you?

Opportunity knocks at everybody's door, whether he be Statesman Poet or Peasant.

SECURE NOW THIS LUCKY AFRICAN MASCOT.

Sterling Silver 5/- each, postage paid. 9-ct. Gold, £1 : 5 : 0

JU-JU SOCIETY (Dept. W),
Imperial Bldgs., Westgate Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
CUT THIS OUT.

HE WAS BALD

The merchant, Mr. John Hart Brittain, who was almost completely bald for several years, learned the secret of a wonderfully efficacious hair-growing compound.

In a very short time the large spot, hitherto bald, was completely and lastingly covered with luxuriant growth.

HIS HAIR GREW

The mixture called Kotalko is prepared according to the genuine formula and contains potent ingredients from Three Kingdoms of Nature. KOTALKO has proved itself a quick and reliable hair grower. It stops hairs from falling out. It eliminates scurf. Either sex may use it. Legions of persons report new growth.

A BOX FOR YOU.

Any reader of this notice who would like a testing box of Kotalko may obtain one post paid by sending sixpence in stamps or postal order to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (3AD), London, W.1. After using the testing package, when you observe that your hair is beginning to grow, you may obtain a further supply at a modicum.

Psoriasis

Eczema, Bad Legs, and all skin diseases completely and permanently cured by [illegible]. Est. 47 years. Write for free trial, inexpensive, yet cures when doctors and hospitals fail. Send postcard for free book, which tells how to banish your own certain cure at home. J. Robinson & Sons, 11, Kirkgate House Bradford.

THE FINISHING TOUCH

The Time to Protect Your Home is Now

THE man who to-day is fortunate enough to have both a home and the means to support it owes a duty to his wife and children that he cannot well avoid. He is bound to look ahead, and in some form or other make provision for the future.

For:

Accidents *will* happen.

A few minutes are enough to destroy a home it has taken years to build.

You dare not leave your home unprotected.

If you, the breadwinner, are incapacitated by illness or accident, what is going to happen to your wife and children?

You dare not leave them unprotected either.

That is why Insurance has become part and parcel of our modern society, and the wise man, conscious of the many risks involved in our complex civilisation, puts the finishing touch to his work of home-building by insuring himself and his home against such risks.

There are many ways in which this can be done. A policy can be effected with some Insurance Company for instance. It will cost at least a guinea a year, and endless red tape and restrictions will be encountered if the policy holder ever needs the assistance for which he has paid his premium.

A simpler method is to take advantage of the Free Insurance offered by the daily and weekly newspapers. It then becomes a question of choosing the best out of the many schemes now in force. We assert unhesitatingly that the best is the one that affords the most complete protection to the *home*, and we assert with equal confidence that the Free Insurance Gift offered to the registered readers of JOHN BULL is unique in this respect.

Let us look at it a little more closely. Insurance with a daily paper costs 6d. per week as against 2d. per week if JOHN BULL's Insurance Gift is accepted. That is no small consideration, especially in view of the fact that for this 2d. there is not a finer weekly paper to be obtained.

But there is a still more important consideration. Ordinary newspaper Insurance is really only direct Insurance thinly disguised, for the registered reader finds that he deals, not with the daily paper, but with some Insurance Company in the background; and he is hedged round at once with irritating restrictions and red-tape, for it is to the obvious advantage of these companies to pay as little as possible.

The JOHN BULL Free Insurance Gift stands alone in this respect. Designed to protect the home—as a glance at the benefits offered will clearly show—it is practical in its application and simple in its working. From the very commencement JOHN BULL has avoided the fundamental error that make so many Free Newspaper Insurance schemes more attractive on paper than they prove to be in practice.

Ignoring Insurance Companies altogether and steadily maintaining the policy of handling its own cases, JOHN BULL has built up and maintained a sympathetic personal relationship with its registered readers that, combined with the absence of technical quibbling and prompt payment, has made its Insurance Gift a unique success.

The signing of the registration forms on page two of cover is the finishing touch to the work of home-building. Consider the sense of security that will result from the knowledge that risks against fire, illness and accident are adequately provided for. Consider that such wide protection is a free gift from JOHN BULL to its registered readers, and sign the forms *now*.

You will have done the one thing necessary to make your home-building a complete success.

The wise man seizes opportunity when it knocks at his door. It is knocking at your door as you read this. Don't delay. Become a *registered* reader of JOHN BULL and put the finishing touch to your work.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

(*Continued from page 24.*)

ANXIOUS (Burnley).—"Is it unlucky to be born on a Friday?" Only if the Friday happened to fall on the 30th of February.

BUSY-BEE (Arbroath).—"Last Sunday in my garden I came upon a lovely little crocus." Don't worry, it is merely a sign that spring is upon us.

JENNY (Cardiff).—"I never did care for boys who spend the whole of their time walking the streets." No, its just as well to go home occasionally.

UPSET (Preston).—"This winter has been the most annoying one I've ever known." Better luck next time.

GINGER (Dudley).—"Is it necessary to pronounce psychology with a 'p.?" Peertainly not.

SOLLY (Bursiem).—"I've come to the conclusion that the majority of the football coupon bookmakers are 'twisters'." Have you been done too?"

GREATHEART (Shepherds Bush).—"As a boy I was punished severely—for telling the truth." We hope it has not cured you of the habit.

DESPONDENT (Gravesend).—"Is life worth living?" The only trouble is that it gets more expensive every day.

CARPENTER (Edgware).—"What is osteopathy?" Bloodless surgery, by manipulation of the joints.

PUZZLED (Penrith).—"Does my JOHN BULL insurance cover other occupants of my house and my shop?" It covers only yourself and wife, and applies only to your permanent address.

PUZZLED (Bournemouth).—"What is meant by 'Over the odds'?" It usually means half-seas over.

PUGNACIOUS (Yarmouth).—"How do you pronounce Siki?" Most people call it Seeky. Mike McTigue says it will soon be Hide-and-Seeky. We offer no opinion.

SALAD (Dalston).—"I have been a vegetarian for sixty years." We can't help that. You are still in your salad days.

A. O. L. (Cairo).—"What is the Post War General Service Medal?" Dunno. Something to do with the Post Office, perhaps.

(*Many replies unavoidably held over.*)

The "John Bull" Guarantee.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and at the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.

Address all communications, The Advertisement Manager, Odhams Press Ltd., 57, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

"BULLETS" THAT MISFIRE

WHILE examining the *Bullets* sent in by competitors, we find abundant evidence that many are taking note of the occasional hints published in these columns, and are endeavouring to improve on their previous efforts. A piece of advice, more than once given, is to study the winning lists whenever they appear, but we would qualify this by a word of warning against a study which is so close that it results merely in frank copying. It is not uncommon to receive lines word for word the same as winners in *Bullets* or other competitions of quite recent date, but fitted to different examples. It should be perfectly obvious that such *Bullets* do not possess the great asset of originality, which is so vital to those who wish to reach the front rank in competitions.

The use of part of a recent winning line is even more common, and it may be that some readers imagine that when we advise them to study such lines as the £1,500 winner "A Big Mistake—Thinking 'Firebrand' Liberty's Torch" and "Sooner The Better—Scryngeour 'Goes Off Pop'" we wish them to work up new *Bullets* to include references to "firebrands" "Liberty's Torch" or "Scrymgeour." This is not so. What we do advise competitors, is to study carefully the forms of wording rather than the actual words, and to note the wide range of merit covered by both single and double-meaning lines. Having done this, they should choose the wording most suitable to their own ideas, and then get to work on original notions. If it is noticed that a humorous line on a prohibitionist has won a first prize recently it is a good plan to avoid prohibitionist topics, unless they can be dealt with in a novel and original manner.

A mistake often made by competitors is to introduce the "whiskered" joke, which makes the adjudicators groan when they see it once again. In its early days, in Luxor or elsewhere, it had its merits, but a line from a joke book dragged in every week under some example or another cannot be expected to win a big prize. Such an ancient wheeze as "Absent-minded Sidesman—'Fares' Please" is made to fit many examples. A more recent instance is the overworked jest of the moth and the Scotsman's purse. The good original *Bullet*, which a competitor has evolved and keeps to fit its proper example, is another matter altogether. But always be sure, when sending in, that it *does* fit the example. Unless the example and the *Bullet* make one complete whole, a clever effort will fail.

Competitors would be well advised to avoid ready-made phrases and tags in constructing their *Bullets*. Whenever a slogan has become popular it comes up time after time. No better example could be found than "Wait And See." Every week this will be submitted tacked on to different examples. "Put And Take" was also made use of by numberless competitors a short time back, but it has now rather lost its vogue. A rather curious instance of this type of *Bullet* was "Never Troubled Adam." A few years ago this line used to come in every week in connection with one or other of the examples given. It is quite interesting to note in what a very large number of different ways these words can be utilised. Popular slogans or hackneyed phrases are very unlikely to lead to prizes, however aptly they may fit their examples.

Prize winners often find success in simplicity of wording. A notable example is Mrs. Jane Evans' £250 win for "Paid In Full—Then France 'Quits'." The words are simple enough and the double meaning of "Quits" is in no way involved. But the line is topical and "gets home."

'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £500

2nd Prize £50 — 10 PRIZES OF £5

3rd Prize £10 — 10 PRIZES OF £2

For ONE WEEK only

25 PRIZES OF 10/- | 500 Prizes of 2/6 2,000 Target Prizes 2,000 POPULAR NOVELS | 100 PRIZES OF 5/-

Next week "Bullets" First Prize will be £500

CLOSING DATE, APRIL 5th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 478.

QUICK MARCH
THE BIG DRUM
LOWER RENTS
IN A FIX
PRETTY PASS
AFTER THE DOLE
THANKS
LOUD SPEAKER
WITHOUT A HOME
BRIGHT IDEA
MAKES ME LAUGH
OPEN SPACES
WHEEL OF FORTUNE
WHIP ROUND
LONG WAY OFF
NO GENTLEMAN
IN THE WRONG
WORTH KNOWING
MASKS AND FACES
REST EASY
THE LIMIT
RICH REWARD
IN A RUT
MOTHER AND DAUGHTER
ODDS ON
LITTLE DEVIL
A FOSSIL
GOOD STROKE
PLAYING THE FOOL
A LESSON
AN OVERDOSE
LITTLE HELP

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ___ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Sixpences for 5/-, 2/6, and 1/- respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the three best "Bullets" given in Competition No. 476 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

☞ The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize Winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 458 was seen to pass in the window of Mrs. E. Jenkins, 68, Stone Road, Rhondda, Glam.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Thirty-two examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—MY MISFORTUNE. Bullet:—"GREY MATTER" OUTSIDE HEAD. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

☞ ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 478, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Closing Date, Thursday, March 22.

No.____
Example____
Bullet____
Example____
Bullet____
(478) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed____
Address____

Closing Date, Thursday, March 22.

No.____
Example____
Bullet____
Example____
Bullet____
(478) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed____
Address____

Closing Date, Thursday, March 22.

No.____
Example____
Bullet____
Example____
Bullet____
(478) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed____
Address____

Closing Date, Thursday, March 22.

No.____
Example____
Bullet____
Example____
Bullet____
(478) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed____
Address____

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 478.

A GOOD PAL—TRUE LOVE—ON THE WAY—NEW MOVE—GOLDEN DREAMS—ROUGH PASSAGE—WELL BACKED—WAY OF THE WORLD—IN PRESS—UP THE GARDEN—A HANDFUL COMES AND GOES—SECOND SIGHT—ACCORDING TO TASTE—KICKING—STICKING TO IT—BY ACCIDENT—FREE OF DUTY—A BEAUTY—NOTHING IN IT.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons above, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, APRIL 5th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 478 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 478, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two examples for Competition No. 478.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 476 WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK.

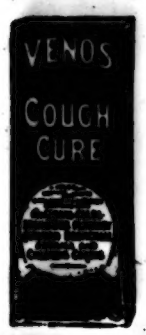
CATARRHAL COUGHS AND COLDS

Bronchial Chills & Sore Chest.

Veno's at once prevents serious developments in a catarrhal cough and cold. It soothes—comforts—cures. Take Veno's for a Bronchial Cold or Sore Chest—there'll be no danger then. It is composed of unique and fragrant balsamic herbal essences—there are no injurious drugs in it. It is quite safe to give to the children, and they like it—the taste is so pleasant.

There's nothing in the world so good or so effective as Veno's. Keep it always handy in the cupboard.

Sold by all chemists and stores, at 1/3 and 3/- per bottle.



Be Sure to Ask Distinctly for

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

1/- BRINGS THIS SOLID GOLD FILLED FULLY JEWELLED LEVER WATCH TO YOU.

Every JOHN BULL reader should secure one of these valuable, high-class watches to-day. They are really splendid timekeepers and a watch which you will be proud to own.

READ OUR BRIEF DESCRIPTION. Gent's full size, fully jewelled keyless lever watch, stout engine turned, solid Gold filled cases, with double back case. Absolutely accurate INTERCHANGEABLE lever movement with all latest improvements. Each watch carefully timed and tested before dispatch to ensure perfect timekeeping. Bold enamelled dial, pen steel hands and second hand (as illustrated). Each watch fully guaranteed.

FREE Handsome Double Pocket-to-Pocket ALBERT FREE with every WATCH.

OUR UNEQUALLED TERMS: We send this handsome watch post paid on receipt of 1/- only. After receiving watch, if satisfied, you send 3/- more, and the balance may then be paid by monthly instalments of 4/- until only 45/- is paid. Discount for full cash with order, or balance within 7 days, 3/-, making cash price 42/- only, which, together with the free Pocket-to-Pocket Albert, makes the biggest bargain ever offered. Money willingly returned if not delighted and watch is returned within 7 days of receipt. Send 1/- to-day to:—

SIMPSON'S (BRIGHTON) LTD.
(Dept. 126), 94, QUEEN'S ROAD, BRIGHTON.

Don't Wear a Truss!

After 30 Years' Experience an Appliance has been invented for Men, Women and Children that Cures Rupture.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who Cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried most everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief where all others fail. Remember we use no salves, no harness, no lies. We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on the file in our office. Fill in the Free Coupon below and post to-day.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd., (1763H), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of Rupture.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Please write plainly.

CLARNICO

EVERYWHERE YOU GO——

Shopping.

A popular daily habit now is to go shopping with CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS.

Start shopping to-day by calling at the first confectioners you see and take CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS on your tour of the other shops.

CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS are made of sparkling cane sugar, rich butter and full-cream milk, blended with selected Brazil nuts.

Remember this little treat for yourself when you start shopping to-day.

8d. per ½ lb.
Of all Confectioners

CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS

Discovered by:—
CLARKE, NICHOLLS & COOMBS, LTD., Victoria Park, London.
Established 80 years.

LILY BRAZILS

Sleepless, Run-down, Nervous!

The Cure of a Man who could not eat nor sleep, because of Nervous Breakdown.

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME
and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Anæmia
Neuritis	Palpitation
Insomnia	Kidney
Sleeplessness	Weakness
Neurasthenia	Children's
Nerve Pains	Weakness
Headache	Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Mr. John Scott's Signed Statement:

Mr. John Scott, 2, Muriel Street, Barrhead, Glasgow, says:—"I began to feel off colour about a year ago. I had an active outdoor life as an insurance agent, and this rundown condition was a terrible handicap. Walking tired me more and more, until latterly when I arrived home I was utterly exhausted. I had no appetite and felt uncomfortable after eating. This developed into real pain in the stomach sometimes, and made me feel I had no heart for work. I never got a real night's rest—in fact, I was completely out of sorts, thoroughly weak and rundown. I was like this for a year, and then I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Before one box was finished I felt ever so much better, and very soon I was my old self. At the present time I feel splendidly fit."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices 1/3 and 3/-.
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

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